V. 181 no. 25

America's Iranian Captive • The Myth of Thomas Szasz

What We Don't Know About Saudi Arabia

THE NEW REPUBLIC

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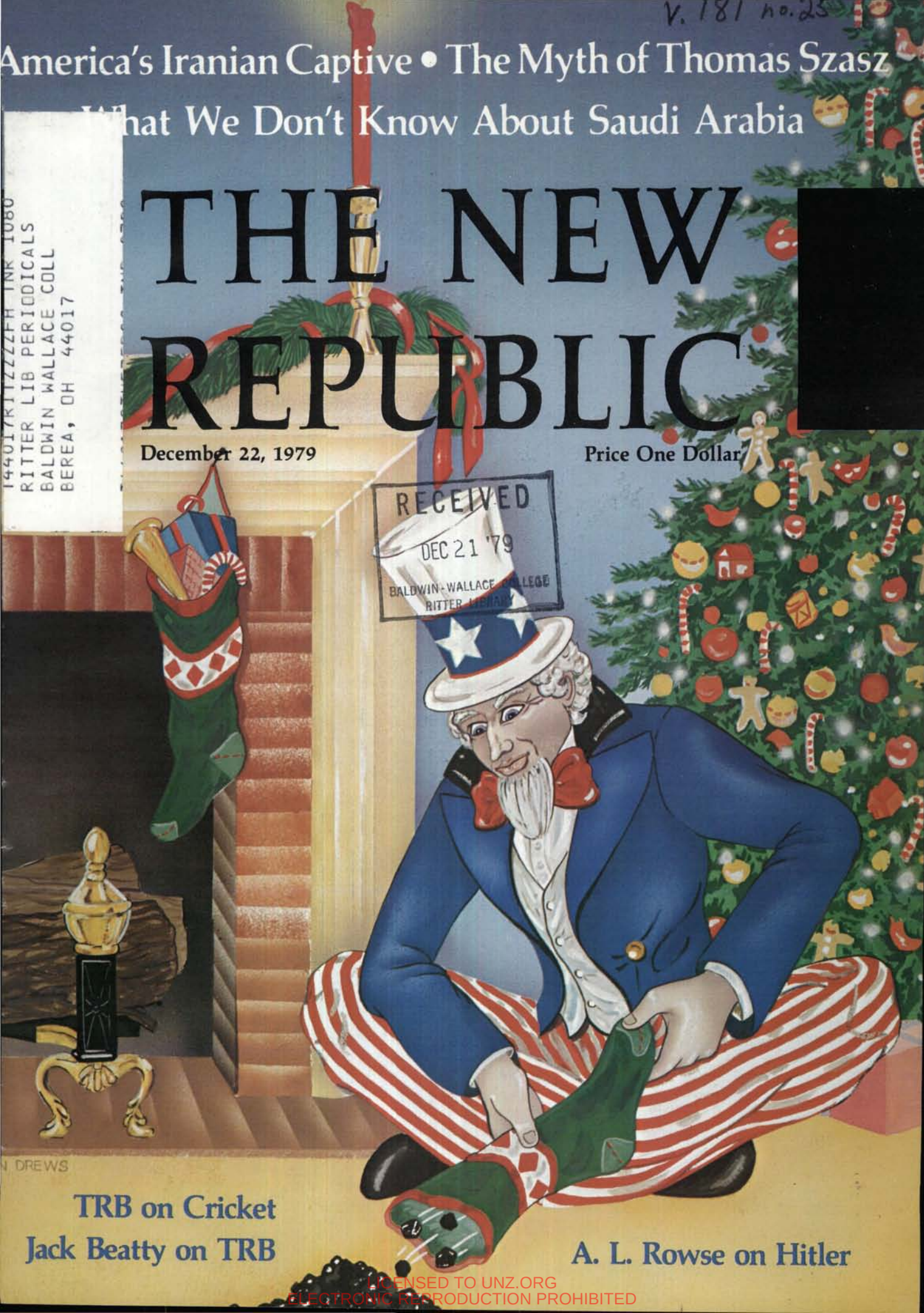

N DREWS

TRB on Cricket

Jack Beatty on TRB

A. L. Rowse on Hitler

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TRB

from Barbados
December 22, 1979

A Sticky Wicket

I don't know whether to begin this with the Christmas jug-jug crisis or the ruckus over the white cricket ball. I am in Barbados, where the palm trees quiver to the loudspeaker blaring "I'm Dreaming of a White Christmas," and the gardeners ruthlessly shear the flaming, man-high poinsettia hedges. The nearby waves slap and suck over the sun-kissed beach as my pocket radio croons, "Let it snow, let it snow, let it snow!" The carols are familiar and the sun is hot and it's good practice, every time you hear "Dashing Through the Snow," to apply a little more suntan lotion.

The Bridgetown *Advocate-News* carries an arresting headline:

Jug-jug May Be
Absent This Christmas

The visitor reacts instantly: what a thought that anybody should be lacking in jug-jug at a season like this! I imagined something gurgling in a bowl, laced with rum, maybe. It developed that jug-jug is a traditional Yuletide delicacy all right, but you eat it, not drink it. It's a dish, the newspaper explains, made of green peas and "guinea corn." According to Haynesley Benn, general manager of BAS (the Barbados Agricultural Society), peas are in short supply this year because recent heavy rains "knocked off the blossoms." Worse than that, the *Advocate* quotes Mr. Benn as saying "the future is not rosy." It adds that he "painted a more dismal picture in the case of guinea corn." Well, well, these things happen, and we must face up to them. It's encouraging to note that "the equally popular sorrel will be readily available." So goodbye jug-jug; welcome sorrel.

The other item is more delicate and requires tactful handling from an outsider who doesn't want to get involved in a British family squabble that could well shake the Commonwealth. I refer, of course, to the proper color of the cricket ball. Everyone knows that cricket isn't cricket if you don't wear white shirt, white flannels, and white boots. But the traditional color of the hard, leather-covered ball is red. The energetic Australians have introduced night cricket, however, under floodlights, and they want a white ball to see better. You can fancy the shocker that is! It turns out that our West Indian team has been over in Brisbane playing the Australians at the same time that England's cricketers are over in Melbourne for a big test match. To my unpracticed eye, it looks like a kind of World Series.

The bleary-eyed taxi drivers attest to the importance of the affair, for they have been up to 4 a.m. listening to the live account, which is yesterday afternoon in Antipodean time (if I have it right). It is only fair to explain that I really have no great interest in cricket. The idea that a batter can make over 100 runs (a "century") in just one time up conflicts with my idea of British moderation. It becomes downright uncomfortable when the visitor wants passionately to get the latest news from Iran and the Mad Mullah, and can only extract from the local radio (besides "White Christmas") run-by-run accounts of the test match. Australia did well on her time up and the *Advocate* reports that the Australians "declared their second innings today at 448 for six, an hour after tea." That's heady stuff. I'm all for our West Indies boys and I lifted a faint cheer when "Bruce Laird's innings came to an end when he picked the wrong line to a fast one from Colin Croft." As CANA (the Caribbean news agency) neatly put it, "the ball spreadeagled his stumps." I had a bad minute thinking of the mangled Laird, but it turned out that the ball merely had hit the three posts ("stumps") and knocked off the "bails." You see what I mean.

I will just add that Australian Cricket Board (ACB) treasurer Ray Steele twitted the British on the color of the ball at a reception later, declaring that "the game had to move with the times" and that "Australia had copped most of the flak" over the white ball. The English manager, Alec Bedser, kept imperturbable and merely replied that "there are disciplines and ways of doing things that don't change in life and cricket." An admirable put-down. I think that is probably all you want to know at the moment about the cricket ball controversy.

I stepped into the 24-member Barbadian House of Assembly, which was established in 1639 (confirmed by Oliver Cromwell in 1652), and listened to the photogenic prime minister J.M.G. "Tom" Adams present his transportation budget. The loyal opposition faced him and made sharp replies later on. It was as though President Carter and his Cabinet faced Ronald Reagan (let's say) and his team.

They frisked me as I went in (as they do in the US Senate) and I found myself in a dignified Gothic chamber with rows of stained-glass sovereigns looking down: Anna Regina (with scepter over left arm) beside Georgius Rex (who rests his scepter on an ermined shoulder). On the floor, proceedings begin with the stately entrance of the wigged Speaker, preceded by symbolic Mace. He presides while sitting within a kind of throne that looks a bit like a large telephone booth. Police wear helmets like London bobbies, only white.

All very demure and British, of course, the tourists—in from the tropical sun and "White Christmas"—titter condescendingly. A nice little Commonwealth: Barbados has a quarter million people, 90 percent black, 95 percent literate. It has been independent for 14 years, and is perhaps the most stable and democratic of the new black governments in the world, set down in a Caribbean seething with Cuban unrest.

But who is "quaint"? Barbados is tiny, of course, but issues are thrashed out here face to face. The drama is compelling. If the government loses a major vote the prime minister calls an election; somebody gets a mandate. The election campaign lasts only a month and 75 percent of the eligible citizens vote, compared to only 54 percent in the US in 1976 after the well-nigh interminable American two-year contest. Unlike at President Carter's press conferences, it is the opposition here that asks the questions. The right of 34 senators to veto a treaty is unthinkable. How can you make a Barbadian understand it? A seven-year deadlock over an energy program, amidst accelerating world crisis, couldn't occur here. Our system inevitably pushes toward a "strong" president, but that carries penalties. American learned little from the Nixon episode, I think. So note the process here and tip your hat. Almost every other major democracy has this system. The USA is the odd-man-out, clinging to the red cricket ball.

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Correspondence

Life before honor

To the editors:

I was dismayed to read your December 8 editorial ("Quarantining the Ayatollah"). The real issue at stake is the lives of the hostages in Iran. The fine points of international law always will be observed and upheld by civilized governments and barbarians will behave as they have always behaved. And "American honor"? What is national honor anyway except that ill-defined concept that inspires old men to send young men to kill and to die?

The problem now is to get our people safely out of Iran. Your proposals to intern Iranian diplomats, blockade ports, and embargo trade reflect a kind of frenzy and frustration that is not helpful to the hostages. As the wife of a career diplomat, I'd be grateful to see less pontification and more concern for those you call "hapless embassy personnel."

Meryl Steigman
Bethesda, Maryland

A bureaucrat's view

To the editors:

In his article "Black Depression" (*TNR*, November 24) David Kusnet makes the by no means original argument that black Americans have suffered disproportionately (his word) from the economic setbacks of the past decade. His point was well taken. I certainly would not care to dispute it. Mr. Kusnet, though, obviously felt called upon to render a plethora of needless fact to support his argument.

He revealed himself when he mentioned CETA (Comprehensive Employment and Training Act), citing numbers which by themselves tend to support his opinion of the success of the program. He ended by saying that the problem of excessive black unemployment is the fault of American business and government for their unwillingness to bring the jobs and the jobless together—a typical bureaucrat's view. Given Mr. Kusnet's position with AFSCME, this particular bias is an easy one to excuse. What I find less excusable, though, is his rather blatant attempt, with your magazine's seeming complicity, to use a serious social problem to promote some narrow special interest.

What this country needs is a vibrant private-sector economy and fewer government programs—no matter how well intended they may be. In the future if you wish to protect your integrity with your readers this type of article perhaps should be written by someone who can be judged completely impartial.

Jerry Anderson
Arlington, Minnesota

White-Collar blues

To the editors:

Paul Blumberg ("White-Collar Status Panic," *TNR*, December 1) lists coalminers among those profiting most from inflation and full professors among those suffering most. I am expecting work groups and food baskets to arrive on campus any day now from Harlan County and other parts of Appalachia.

Ralph Hunkins
SUNY, Plattsburgh
Plattsburgh, New York

To the editors:

As Paul Blumberg notes, the struggle over redistribution is beginning in this country. There may be a way to reduce tensions over who gets what in a way that furthers more equal well-being across national boundaries. In the face of stagnant average real income in this country—and even in its absence—I would favor de-coupling income (particularly discretionary income—that not required for necessities) from the job. Instead, discretionary income would be a function of age. Thus, as each of us aged, we would have more money to spend freely, and we would probably feel better as a result. Gone would be the common pattern of free money for teenagers and new couples, until the arrival of the first child; the gradual restoration of free money as houses are paid off and children leave home; and the ultimate impoverishment of retirement. A spin-off benefit is that money need no longer be the usual measure of self-worth. The displacement of this two-dimensional scale (on which the bottom 99 percent are worse off than the top one percent) opens the door to many different scales—spurring each person to be good at something. Being good is a useful source of self-esteem.

This should help produce a society full of people who like and value themselves, and therefore (probably) others as well. But will the people of this society work hard at the jobs that need to be done? Who will innovate in production and service delivery? How will prices be set? I believe these problems will prove easier to wrestle with than the dilemma of income distribution, which has plagued us for the past million years.

Alan Sager
Brandeis University
Waltham, Massachusetts

TNR's addiction

To the editors:

Is excellent journalism so dependent financially upon drug addiction that in approximately every other issue you devote an expensive full and prominent page to encouraging readers to indulge in ruinous nicotinic self-abuse?

Eugène H. Lehman
Université du Québec à Trois Rivières
Trois Rivières, Québec
Canada

Leaving the windfall with the consumer

To the editors:

I think your article "Oil Chicanery" (*TNR*, December 1) unfairly attacks Senator Kennedy's proposals on energy, which have more behind them than just "stubbornness." Since the world oil market is not competitive in the classical economic sense, there is little reason to believe that the current spot market prices are the prices that would prevail in a "perfect market" and therefore the prices that the US should mimic. Admittedly, the currently allowed prices on newly discovered oil are too low, but decontrol of all oil prices does far more than is necessary to deal with that problem.

It is not altogether clear that higher prices are the surest way to accomplish the structural changes needed to increase conservation, such as redesigning the automobile, improving transit systems, and better matching energy production to end-uses. In addition to whatever incentive they give to conservation, higher energy prices will have a concomitant short-run effect of fanning inflation and reducing the amount of income available for non-energy consumption.

Finally, in view of the obvious difficulties involved in enacting a law that would tax away all the windfall from the oil companies and then recycle this money back to the economy in the form of transfers and government energy

(continued on page 40)

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Comparative Financial Review

	Years ended December 31, 1978	1977
Total Income	$ 65,137,912	$ 52,823,191
Benefits and expenses	54,870,616	46,046,539
Income before income taxes and realized investment gains (losses)	10,267,296	6,776,652
Provision for income taxes		
Current	---	---
Deferred	2,792,809	1,909,150
Income before realized investment gains (losses)	7,474,487	4,867,502
Realized investment gains (losses)	(120,433)	11,364
Net income	7,354,054	4,878,866
Earnings per share		
Income before realized investment gains (losses)	4.35	2.88
Realized investment gains (losses)	(.07)	.01
Net income	4.28	2.89
Assets	$ 144,993,410	$ 116,651,027
Insurance in Force	$1,504,894,000	$1,289,000,000

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

December 22, 1979

How to Tax Oil Companies

Last week, after more than three weeks of floor debate, President Carter's windfall profits tax on domestic oil producers finally neared passage by the Senate. As we went to press, approval was no longer in doubt, though some of the details remained to be settled. The House gave Carter everything he wanted and then some last June, but the Senate—primarily in the person of Finance Committee chairman Russell Long—took great liberties with the bill, increasing the tax in a couple of ways, but decreasing it in others.

The tax is a sound one, and its enactment is a genuine legislative victory for President Carter. Nevertheless, Carter also is partly to blame for some of the defects in the final version of the tax, because of his failure to explain its purpose honestly and clearly. This should not be a measure to punish the big oil companies because they are evil, or just because they are big. It is an attempt to recapture for the general public billions of dollars that otherwise would go to American private individuals and corporations—not because of anything (good or evil) they themselves have done, but because of the OPEC oil monopoly.

Carter proposed the windfall tax last April at the same time he announced his intention to phase out price controls on domestically produced crude oil. Currently there is a price ceiling of six dollars a barrel on oil from wells discovered before 1973, and a ceiling of $13 on oil from wells discovered between 1973 and 1978. There are no price controls on oil discovered after 1978 and a few other special categories. The logic of price controls on domestic oil (which President Nixon retained when lifting his general price control system) is that we can't avoid paying monopoly prices to OPEC but we needn't pay them to our own fellow citizens.

But there is an illogic of price controls too. They mislead consumers into thinking that oil is cheaper than it really is. When consumers are deciding whether to use that *extra* gallon of gasoline, they should be forced to realize that the *extra* barrel of oil to make it comes from abroad and costs $23 or more. Averaging in the cost of cheap domestic oil disguises this fact and leads to excess consumption. Worse, domestic price controls discourage domestic oil production. It makes no sense to import oil for $23 if someone can produce it here for $22.50. But that someone won't bother if he or she can't sell it for more than six dollars or $13. On the other hand, even with price controls the United States produces about as much oil every day as Saudi Arabia. So obviously there is plenty of domestic oil that can be profitably produced for a lot less than OPEC charges, and there's no reason to let domestic producers join in the OPEC extortion. The proper purpose of a windfall profits tax is to get the conservation and incentive effects of decontrol, without letting domestic oil producers get OPEC-level profits on oil it costs them much less to produce.

It's important to understand why this tax is necessary. It will have no direct effect on the energy problem itself. Furthermore, economic life is full of fortuitous windfalls that don't get taxed away, such as the increase in the value of your house or the family silver. But this particular windfall to certain Americans

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results from hostile actions by foreign governments that are imposing great distress and sacrifice on other Americans. The government is perfectly justified in attempting to even the score. Furthermore, the largest domestic oil producers also deal with OPEC on our behalf, so it is a wise precaution to try to restrain their interest in seeing OPEC succeed.

It's also important to understand why the oil company arguments against the tax are invalid. They argue, in their ads, that the tax will discourage domestic energy production by making it unprofitable and by siphoning off the capital they need to pay for it. But a properly designed tax will not discourage new oil production since it will apply only to oil that is already profitably produced at the control price. Naturally it would be nice for the oil companies if they could supply their capital needs with free money, but there are also plenty of investors eager to put up money for energy development, at the usual rates.

The good part of President Carter's original proposal last April was a straightforward and modest attempt to capture less than half of the windfall from decontrol. After a phasing-in period, there would be a tax per barrel of previously controlled oil, set at 50 percent of the difference between $13 and the world price. The base price would be adjusted upward with inflation, and the whole thing would be phased out by 1990. Oil extracted from old wells by certain expensive techniques would be treated like newly discovered oil that had never been controlled. This tax would raise billions of dollars without any effect on the incentive to increase domestic production.

The bad part of Carter's original bill was a tax on newly discovered domestic oil, and other oil that had never been under price controls. It would be set at half the difference between $16 (adjusted for inflation) and the world price. Carter called this, rather lamely, an "OPEC tax," thus giving the deceptive impression that it was a tax on OPEC. In fact it would be a present to OPEC, by undermining the goal of decontrol. This tax would make it unprofitable for domestic producers to try to undersell OPEC unless they could undersell it by three or four dollars a barrel today, and more in the future. This part of the tax turned Carter's proposal from a sensible reclaiming of windfalls into an act of vengeance on oil companies, for unspecified crimes.

The other flaw in Carter's proposal was his insistence on spending the revenues primarily to force-feed the development of expensive alternative fuels—mainly synthetic oil from coal and shale, but including everything from photovoltaic solar cells to windmills. Most of these energy sources, especially the $88-billion synfuels program, look like a poor return for the huge amount of money Carter wants to invest. (See "Synfuel Madness," *TNR*, July 21 & 28, and "Sunlight and Moonshine," *TNR*, October 27.) By the proper logic of a windfall profits tax, the money should be redistributed to those who are suffering the most from high energy prices.

The House Ways and Means Committee began the process of congressional fiddling with Carter's proposal. It increased the tax on pre-1973 oil from 50 percent to 70 percent, and on 1973-78 oil from 50 percent to 60 percent. It raised the base price for the new oil tax from $16 to $17, and arranged for it to rise faster than inflation, thus reducing that chunk of future revenue. But then it raised the tax from 50 percent to 70 percent for oil sold above $26. On the floor, the House reduced this last item to 60 percent. The point of the tax was rapidly becoming obscure.

In the Senate it disappeared completely. What had been a reasonably simple proposal became an incredibly complicated one in passing through the Senate Finance Committee. The committee made two wise changes in the House bill. It eliminated the tax on newly discovered oil, thus removing the disincentive for new exploration and production. It also separated the tax from Carter's Energy Security Trust Fund for alternative fuels, allowing each to be debated on its own merits.

Then the committee started looking for oil to exempt from the tax. It exempted the first 100 barrels a day produced by "independents" (companies that do no refining or marketing) from very small wells. (On the floor this exemption was expanded to include 1000 barrels a day from any well.) Then the committee exempted all oil owned by state and local governments, a concession to Russell Long, whose state owns a lot of oil. And it exempted all oil owned by Indian tribes, Alaska natives, and nonprofit schools and medical institutions. To make up all the

HE'S SICK, HOMELESS AND UNLOVED.

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money lost through these exemptions, the committee raised the tax on pre-1973 oil from wells to 75 percent. At one point the committee found it had approved tax credits for various energy-related expenses (storm windows, etc.) that added up to more than the estimated revenue from the tax that was expected to replace the lost money. It ingeniously solved this problem not by reducing the tax credits, but simply by making its revenue estimate more optimistic.

On the floor, the Senate left most of the exemptions alone, but voted to raise the tax on oil from 1973-78 wells to 75 percent. It appeared last week that the Senate also would add a new "minimum tax" on new oil to replace the "OPEC tax" that Carter proposed, the House passed, and the Finance Committee killed. Then the bill goes to conference.

The two chief defects of the tax, as its final contours begin to emerge, are that it applies to future oil discoveries, on which there is no real windfall, and that it is riddled with senseless exemptions. Both defects result in part from the confusion created by Carter's inflamed rhetoric about the oil companies. The logic of the exemptions seems to be that just because you want to punish big oil, you needn't also drag in more appealing sorts like Indians, schoolchildren, and "small" oil producers. The exemptions for independents illustrates the fallacy that little companies are owned by little people. In fact, the typical stockholder of an independent oil company is far less deserving of solicitude than the typical stockholder of one of the biggies. Pension funds and small investors buy Exxon stock; independent oil companies generally are closely held by the rich. In any event, a windfall profits tax is designed to make difficult readjustments easier by reducing invidious distinctions between citizens. It should not be presented in a way that makes those distinctions more sharply felt.

Politics

Superman Crashes

If his name had been Edward Moore, as Eddie McCormack bitterly observed in 1962, his candidacy would have been a joke, "but nobody's laughing." And the situation has been much the same for all the 17 years since Edward Moore Kennedy, then only 29, beat McCormack for the right to fill the US Senate seat of his brother, President John Kennedy. And even though Edward Kennedy has had probably as much public attention for all these years as any political figure except the various presidents, nobody's really been looking and listening, either. The press, the polls, other politicians, and most of the people have come to believe that some irresistible force, some historical or genetic inevitability, was operating to make Kennedy a candidate for president.

The evidence suggests that Kennedy himself was of two minds about this supposed natural law of Kennedy ascendancy. He resisted strong pressures to run in 1972 and 1976, all the while saying that his time might come, but later. This time, too, he held back at first, saying he expected President Carter to serve two terms and pronouncing himself eager to serve as chairman of the Senate Judiciary Committee. If Kennedy was going to run for president, it looked as though he thought of 1984 as his year.

But he changed his mind. Why? Kennedy says it was because of a fundamental disagreement with President Carter on vital issues—energy, the economy, leadership of the country. These may have been what clinched his decision. But he would have to be on Mars not to be listening to the claque of press and politicians who shouted incessantly: this is going to be easy. The president's poll ratings were down near 20 percent, as low as any incumbent's have ever been. All the constituent groups of the Democratic party were mad at Carter. He hadn't done much right either in foreign or domestic policy. People were going to go into the primary voting booths and take out their frustrations about the inflation rate and energy prices by voting for anybody but Carter. If it isn't you, Teddy, the claque proclaimed, it will be Jerry Brown or some nobody, and he certainly will be beaten by a Republican. If so you can forget about 1984—and who knows what the situation will be like in 1988?

Kennedy's staff members all deny that this logic prevailed upon him. They loyally declare that the issues are what got their boss into the race, and that dedication to his positions on the issues will sustain him through the hard going ahead. But the press and the public had the idea that Carter was hopelessly weak, and they had the idea, too, that Kennedy couldn't be beat. Public opinion polls sustained those twin beliefs. In July, Gallup showed Kennedy's support among Democrats at 54 percent to Carter's 21 percent. Kennedy was far ahead of potential Republican challengers, while Carter was behind Reagan and Ford. Other polls showed Chappaquiddick was fading as a factor in people's minds. Louis Harris said 67 percent of the people thought Kennedy had the right leadership traits to be president, while 71 percent doubted Carter had enough competence for the job. A CBS-New York Times poll showed that 55 percent of the people thought Kennedy showed good judgment under pressure, while 40 percent felt that way about Carter.

Now Kennedy the presidential candidate is paying the price of being Edward Kennedy and not Edward Moore. Instead of being able to slog quietly around New Hampshire and Iowa and get his act together, like George McGovern, Jimmy Carter, George Bush, or any mortal candidate, he is expected to leap out of a phone

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booth and soar. So that when he doesn't—when he stumbles, in fact—disappointed onlookers report that he has crashed.

Kennedy bobbled the Roger Mudd interview on CBS, unable to articulate why he wanted to be president. He lost the Florida straw poll to Carter. He couldn't get his syntax straight or make eye contact in his early speeches. He seemed to lack fire, and made some of his listeners doubt whether he really wanted to be president after all. In San Francisco, responding to Ronald Reagan's inflammatory suggestion that the shah of Iran should get asylum in the United States, Kennedy let loose with an irrelevant and politically inept denunciation of the shah which overshadowed Reagan's original inept proposal.

For a campaign that was supposed to immediately attract Democrats in droves, the Kenedy effort has been weak in getting early endorsements from prominent party figures. In New York, for example, Governor Hugh Carey and Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan are staying neutral, as are most state legislators and members of Congress. The Carter campaign, meanwhile, is cleaning up on mayors and other city officials, led by Edward Koch. Elsewhere, the most publicized endorsement to come to Kennedy—that of Chicago Mayor Jane Byrne—may be more trouble than it is worth. Byrne's heavy-handed efforts to dominate the Cook County Democratic organization have offended most of Chicago's party princelings, who are taking out their hostility by staying uncommitted in the presidential race or by flirting with Carter. They include Richard M. Daley, son of the late Richard J. and now, of all things, the darling of suburban good-government anti-bossists. Even in Congress, where grousing about Carter has been endemic, there has been no mad rush for Kennedy. Even standard liberals such as Representative Don Edwards of California are fence-sitting, apparently believing it will do them or their constituents no good to declare a choice. Everyone agrees that endorsements don't carry the weight they used to, but they do provide a signal of where politicians sense the wind is blowing. In most places, the politicians are acting as if they expect a ruinous storm.

Carter's political standing has been strengthened by the Iran crisis. The latest Gallup and Harris polls show a dramatic reversal in the Carter-Kennedy race. Among Democrats and independents, Harris has Carter ahead by two percentage points, and Gallup shows Carter leading among Democrats, 48 to 40.

Suddenly it has begun to dawn on people that this is going to be a rough-and-tumble race for the Democratic nomination, and that Edward Kennedy is not a political superman. But neither is he a stumblebum for not fulfilling overblown expectations. Kennedy's campaign managers are right: he has *not* made a slow start. Since October 30, the Kennedy campaign has gone from zero funds and no campaign organization to $2.5 million expected to be in hand by mid-December and a staff of 95 people in Washington and in 25 states around the country. Kennedy has been on the road practically non-stop since his announcement November 7. He has made three visits to Iowa, where the 1980 voting begins on January 16.

According to legend, there are well oiled Kennedy political machines lying hidden around the United States, ready to spring into action the minute the candidate announces. But the truth is that Kennedy had to put together an organization in a hurry, with emphasis on the early primary states. Carter has a formidable, well established campaign organization, which has the advantages of lavish use of federal perquisites and three years of pro-administration activity by the Democratic National Committee. DNC chairman John White makes no apologies about his preference for Carter. "Anybody who expects the chairman of the party to be neutral about an incumbent administration is awfully naive about politics," White says. "We aren't playing beanbag."

Political experts in Iowa sense that the start-from-scratch Kennedy organization is pulling about even with Carter's. Kennedy's secret weapon apparently is going to be the United Auto Workers, which will try to turn out its 40,000 members at the caucuses on Kennedy's behalf. Carter's strongest organizational backing comes from the Iowa State Education Association, which has 32,000 members, though about a third of these are Republicans. The Iowa result may also depend on the performances of Carter, Kennedy, and Jerry Brown in their televised debate January 7.

Beyond Iowa, if pro-Kennedy forces once thought they could bowl Carter over in state after state, they don't now. Kennedy managers have given up the idea, for example, of making an all-out effort to trounce the president in Florida and thereby inflict a knock-out punch close to his southern base. Instead, they will concentrate resources in urban counties, where Kennedy strength is likely to be greatest, in the hope of getting as many convention delegates as they can.

Kennedy probably will benefit from yet another reversal in the polls. Carter's upsurge is fueled by the Iran crisis and a patriotic rallying of the country around its leader. Even if Carter succeeds in getting the hostages out alive, and in an honorable way, public

Coming:

Where Are Our Friends When We Need Them?

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attention is bound to return to inflation, energy, and the president's overall performance as president. Even if his polls don't sink as far as his low standing this summer, they are bound to fall from their present level.

Hidden away in the latest ABC News-Harris survey, for example, are figures showing that, despite Iran, the public lacks underlying confidence in Carter. Sixty-five percent still feel Carter "does not inspire confidence as a president should," almost exactly the same percentage as before Iran. Seventy-one percent agree that though Carter is well-intentioned, "you begin to wonder if he has the basic competence to do the job."

But if Kennedy is going to capitalize on this basic dissatisfaction with Carter, he will have to perform better than he has. Various gaffes aside, Kennedy has failed to convey an overall vision of where he wants to take the country if he becomes president. His specific policy differences with Carter are plain. He's against decontrol of energy and in favor of federal subsidies for conservation. He's for more jawboning to control inflation, instead of restrictive monetary policy. He wants a more generous health care program and a bigger federal jobs program than Carter thinks the country can afford. But he is not tying it all together yet. Some aides are recommending a "Four E's" campaign—based on the issues of energy, economics, effectiveness, and equity—but that is not the stuff to move people's souls. Not that Carter's come up with anything better.

The opening days of the 1980 campaign have served a useful purpose. They have deflated the country's image of Edward Kennedy. He is walking on the ground, now, where we all can take a close look at him. If he is the better man, he'll have to prove it.

Morton Kondracke

Crackdown on the tiniest dissident movement in Eastern Europe.

Prague Fall

The Czech government's trial of political dissidents in October provoked unexpectedly widespread moral indignation and diplomatic protests, probably because of the severity of sentences, ranging up to five years in jail. But the most intriguing feature of the trial in Prague was its underlying lack of purpose. Observers of the Czechoslovak political scene were hard put to explain this show of force. Since the Soviet invasion in 1968, Czechoslovakia has seemed to be the country in the Soviet orbit most immune to oppositional activities of any kind.

For all the well-deserved publicity that the Charter 77 movement received in the West, its impact inside the country has been greatly exaggerated. At the peak of this movement, this dissident proclamation was signed by about 1000 Czechs, almost all in Prague. Slovaks apparently remained aloof, perhaps for fear of jeopardizing the only meaningful survival of the Prague Spring, the federal structure of the Czech state. The signers of Charter 77 were intellectuals. Even those signatures marked "worker" mostly belonged either to intellectual victims of Husak's purges forced to engage in menial tasks, such as nightwatchmen or storekeepers (and thus purposely kept out of contact with industrial blue-collar workers), or to children of intellectuals who have been denied access to higher education.

Czech dissent is modest compared to what is happening in Poland. At the beginning of 1976, a year before the Charter 77 movement began, more than 40,000 Poles, most of them prominent in their professional field, took part in protest movements against constitutional amendments. The number of participants in protests has since increased, without provoking police reprisals on a scale even vaguely resembling those in Czechoslovakia.

The influence of the Czechoslovak opposition has been limited for several reasons. First, there are the relative economic prosperity of Czechoslovakia, and the almost universal political apathy resulting from the 1968 Soviet armed intervention. Despite the invasion, many Czechs still demonstrate an amazingly stubborn conviction that the system is reformable and susceptible to acquiring a "human face," if it were not for outside interference. Under the circumstances, one would think "normalization" would be served best by a policy of reconciliation, roughly patterned after the exceptionally successful Kadar experiment in Hungary. In Czechoslovakia, more than anywhere else, the principle "Whoever is not against us, is with us" ought to be a sensible one. Instead, the Husak leadership has opted for brutal suppression of the slightest indications of non-conformity. Not only did it nip in the bud all real or imagined opposition, but it also exacted obtuse vengeance for "sins" allegedly committed a decade ago.

There is no evidence that this counterproductive reign of terror, unmitigated by any openings in cultural and spiritual life, has been imposed deliberately by Moscow. The Hungarian and Polish experience shows that, in this respect at least, the Kremlin may be persuaded nowadays to leave the decisions with the local satraps. The Soviet Union even accepts, albeit reluctantly, a certain amount of deviation from the prescribed pattern, as long as its essential interests are not endangered. Even allowing for the existence of a hard-line faction inside the Czechoslovak party apparatus, which still regards Husak as irrevocably tainted by his one-time collaboration with Dubček reformers, it seems that the recent sentences—the enforced exile of Kohout and other prominent intellec-

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tuals, or the increased persecution of middle-level Catholic and Protestant clergy—reflect the basic insecurity of Prague rulers. Entirely devoid of grassroots support among the population and lacking any claim to legitimacy, except for the presence of Soviet army divisions on Czechoslovak soil, they rely entirely on a relatively high standard of living to keep people quiet. Recent price increases, especially of foodstuffs and energy, suggest that this particular "carrot" may well have outlived its usefulness; instead, the party feels it must turn to wholesale repression to instill fear and discourage dissent.

The October trial was conceived as a low-key affair. The six defendants, members of the Committee for the Defense of the Unjustly Persecuted, in jail since May 1979, were found guilty of "subversion of the republic." Their defense of having acted in conformity with the right of petition, guaranteed under Czechoslovak laws and international conventions for human rights, was dismissed by the authorities. The official media at first tried to make light of this case, but they stepped up their barrage when the stiff sentences evoked a more than usually firm reaction abroad. There was a predictable declaration of solidarity from the leading Soviet human rights activist, Andrei Sakharov, and there were demonstrations (including a hunger strike in the Warsaw St. Cross church) by Polish oppositionists. Less predictably, most of the West European Communist parties also joined in the denunciation of the Prague trial. Only the Italian reaction was muted, giving rise to suspicion that the leading Eurocommunists are interested in improving their relations with the Soviet bloc.

Most astonishing was the intense reaction in Hungary, which has not been known to have a strong dissident movement. More than 250 Hungarian intellectuals of all generations, including several party members, addressed petitions to the Hungarian chairman of the Presidential Council, Losonczi, and to the party first secretary, Kadar. The signers expressed their "indignation at the cynical verdict in Prague," and pledged their "complete support for the Charter 77 activists."

The Czechoslovak authorities promptly reacted to worldwide protests by a new wave of arrests among dissidents associated with the Committee for the Defense of the Unjustly Persecuted and with Charter 77. This time they picked on younger people, in an ominous attempt to link them up with international terrorism, presumably in order to indict them on much more serious charges. According to Prague gossip, obviously inspired from above, these young dissidents, together with an unidentified young Frenchman, had intended to assassinate Husak and/or destroy a Prague bridge—allegedly to obtain release of the victims of the October trial. There were vague hints in the party daily *Rude Pravo*, and in other media, linking those arrested with the Italian Red Brigades.

It is widely assumed in the West that not only left-wing terrorists in Italy but also the Provisional IRA, some extremist Palestinian groups, and possibly even the Baader-Meinhoff gang in Germany, have been regularly supplied with arms made in Czechoslovakia. Such informal contacts between international terrorists and undercover agents of Czechoslovak and other communist secret services (strenously denied by communist sources) provide excellent opportunities to frame Czechoslovak oppositionists—in order to deprive them of sympathy and support they enjoy in the West, by presenting them as a part of the international terrorist scene. This might seem rather far-fetched—though much less so when one considers the innuendoes repeated with increased frequency in *Rude Pravo* and broadcasted by Radio Prague and the Czechoslovak TV. The overall picture suggests a widespread conspiracy against "socialism," in which the Chartists, Polish oppositionists, and Sakharov are all linked with international terrorist organizations, and enjoy moral and material support of the "imperialist plotters" in the USA, West Germany, and Italy. A recent *Pravda* article, which attacked Western reaction to the Prague trial, gave additional weight to these preposterous charges. The repercussions of the October trial probably will reverberate far beyond the borders of Czechoslovakia.

Tadeusz Szafar

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Britain pulls peace out of a hat, if you believe in magic.

Voilà! Zimbabwe

The arrival of Lord Christopher Soames in Salisbury as Britain's new governor for Zimbabwe crowns a stunning diplomatic performance by the Thatcher government. Assuming no last minute snags, it could mean an end to the costly war that started modestly 12 years ago and began to get serious in 1972. Soames's arrival also marks the end of a 14-year rebellion against the Crown by a Salisbury government dominated until last June by the white community of under 240,000 people. If London gets its way, the next three months will see a cease-fire, an election, the installation of a "legitimate" black government, and the granting of sovereign independence from Britain. The majority rule that Zimbabwe has enjoyed since last June when Bishop Abel Muzorewa gained power under the internal settlement will be replaced by a new, internationally recognized, and presumably preferable form

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of majority rule under a new constitution. This is a bold adventure in latter-day colonialism whose sole object is decolonization.

Soames's arrival also means the end of a largely futile effort by distant outsiders to compel change using the blunt tool of economic sanctions. Whatever the British now give birth to in southern Africa is likely at least to be blessed with global legitimacy. This is one of the few things Rhodesia has lacked these past 14 years.

In the 90 years of Rhodesia's existence, Britain has never before ruled it directly as a colony. Rhodesia has existed in a constitutional twilight zone; there was charter company rule, followed by self-governing status near to that of a Dominion under the old Commonwealth. The ambiguities were understood only by those with a need to know, typically a handful of civil servants in both capitals. This arrangement reflected London's wish, until the 1960s, to devolve rather than acquire authority in southern Africa.

The Zimbabweans, black and white, have a richly deserved reputation for wasting opportunities. Twenty years of factional splits in the black nationalist movement have allowed white politicians to maneuver around the question of majority rule. In the early years, black politicians threw away chances for real progress; more recently, whites developed a habit of agreeing belatedly to yesterday's black demands. Today is the first really good opportunity Zimbabweans have had since the early 1960s when election boycotts, British ineptitude, and the politics of fear led directly to the impasse of 1964-65 and Ian Smith's Unilateral Declaration of Independence. What brought it about? British diplomacy that is a model to the West, plus the fact that all parties to the conflict are weak and have run out of options.

At Lusaka last August, when the Commonwealth leaders authorized Britain to lead another round of settlement talks, it was a tacit acknowledgment that the Patriotic Front guerrillas were going nowhere militarily, while the war was ruining the economies of neighboring states. Salisbury's quick acceptance of the new British initiative was an acknowledgment that its military options also led nowhere. Politically, Muzorewa's government has been dependent on South African support and British diplomacy because no one else was prepared to support it. However diminished it may be as a world power, Britain thus emerged as the key to the future of all Zimbabweans. Her decision to relive the empire even for a brief moment in southern Africa is their golden opportunity.

Thatcher's initiative also let the Carter administration off the hook of an incomprehensible policy known in 1977-78 as the Anglo-American plan. The official American stance of seizing the high moral ground without influencing anyone in particular competed for attention with more shrill American voices favoring one set of ideological abstractions or another. But someone had to knock heads, threaten real pressure against all parties to the conflict, force them to proclaim publicly their determination to do a deal, and then go in and implement it. Washington right now lacks the will, the diplomatic skills, or the domestic support for such an undertaking. And, after all, it is Britain's problem.

South Africa also was incapable of dealing effectively with the Rhodesian tangle. Pretoria's strength would have been adequate to assure the indefinite survival of a friendly black pariah government in Salisbury. But it lacks the diplomatic and political capital to restructure southern Africa alone. As for the black frontline states—Zambia, Angola, Mozambique, Botswana, and Tanzania—for 14 years they have been eager for London to flex whatever muscle it could on the Rhodesian problem. For them, a continuation of the war posed three threats. First, there was the increasing disruption of their economies as Salisbury used its superior forces against rail lines, bridges, fuel depots, and other economic targets that are crucial to the modern sectors of these countries. Second, there was the latent threat of internal destabilization. More people have become disenchanted with supporting the Patriotic Front; and more armed men (guerrillas, government troops, or the lawbreakers who profit from insecurity) have become an established part of the political climate. Third, continued military humiliation by Salisbury and Pretoria might have pressured frontline governments into inviting greater Soviet and Cuban participation in the war—something that none of them except possibly Angola is enthusiastic about.

It is not obvious that the Soviets and Cubans want an expanded combat role in Zimbabwe's agony, at least for now. American officials argued that support for Muzorewa would trigger communist intervention, but there is little reason to believe that. Zimbabwe is not yet ripe for Angolan-style creation of new "political facts" by means of communist arms. Militarily, the Soviets and their friends have lots to do already in Africa, and they will not rush into a head-on clash with Pretoria that could result from direct combat intervention in Zimbabwe.

But the current opportunity for diplomacy in Zimbabwe is brief and fragile. A thousand things could go wrong, and Britain controls only a few of the levers. It is not going to occupy Rhodesia militarily, except symbolically. Its role as temporary administering power comes by courtesy of the Salisbury government, whose official apparatus will be loaned to London for this purpose. Everything depends on a minimal level of trust among Britain, the Muzorewa-Smith regime, and the Patriotic Front.

The first task is to establish a more or less comprehensive cease-fire, and an end to military border crossings both into and out of Zimbabwe. Then the British can begin to organize an eight- to nine-week election campaign, prepare the elections themselves, and prepare the return to Zimbabwe of as many as possible of the 250,000 or more refugees living in neighboring countries. If the process works, London

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will grant legal independence to the country and transfer power "to whatever leaders are chosen by the people of Rhodesia." If it doesn't, Britain explicitly has committed itself not to transfer power to "any party which has not won it in elections." In other words, Thatcher apparently intends to run the place until a democratic process can be launched.

Soames will operate on instructions from London, and he will assume all executive and legislative authority from the Muzorewa government and the parliament in Salisbury. There will be a 1200-man cease-fire monitoring force of Australians, New Zealanders, Fijians, Kenyans, and a majority of British troops, organized under British command. The force will have weapons only for their "personal protection." The new governor will be supported by a deputy, military and police advisers, legal and political advisers, an election commissioner, and a staff of perhaps several hundred. These provisions of the London agreements indicate the extent of Muzorewa's concessions: gone are his cabinet, parliament, and constitution; new elections will test his claim to popularity.

But Patriotic Front leaders Joshua Nkomo and Robert Mugabe also have made fundamental concessions. "In the day-to-day administration of the country," the agreements provide, the governor "will work through the existing public service"—a term that includes the civil service and executive departments, the police, and the defense forces. Patriotic Front forces are expected to "comply with the directions of the governor," but this is a sop designed to compensate for a clearly disparate relationship. The maintenance of law and order will be entrusted to the existing British South Africa Police, a paramilitary force whose jurisdiction covers a wide range of functions. Inevitably, it will work with the 1200-man cease-fire monitoring force. In the event of security breakdowns that cannot be handled by a tripartite cease-fire commission, the governor will decide "what action to take to deal with them with the forces which have accepted his authority."

In practice, this arrangement makes the British heavily dependent on the permanent government apparatus in Salisbury. It also places enormous pressure on the Patriotic Front to control its own people, lest London use Salisbury's forces against them. Patriotic Front control over its men in the bush will be sorely tested. Patriotic Front guerrillas outside the country will be permitted to enter Zimbabwe to vote only if they are unarmed.

The Thatcher government will need a generous mixture of grit and fair play to pull this off. For example, it is expected that all forces will have disengaged within seven days of "cease-fire day" (yet to be announced). The governor will have to decide how much troublemaking to tolerate, and who is causing it: Muzorewa's auxiliaries, the ZIPRA-Nkomo wing, the ZANLA-Mugabe wing, the army, the police, the home guards who protect Salisbury's rural protected villages, or just plain bandits and cattle rustlers who have spread into the vacuum of rural insecurity. There are no neat lines in most of Rhodesia. The ranch of former prime minister Garfield Todd has elements of three distinct armies camped on its periphery. Who disengages first? Border security will present continuing nightmares for the British, who have "invited" neighboring governments to establish liaison arrangements to prevent cross-border movements by armed guerrillas.

Political issues also will abound. Who will decide the ages of would-be voters who have not lived in their home areas for years? Who is to say what the actual population is in electoral districts when there has been no census for a decade? Since black voters will choose their representatives by district, how does one count the 500,000 (or maybe one million) displaced persons uprooted by war and the urban drift of recent years? The trickiest task will be simultaneously monitoring the cease-fire and the election period to prevent disruptions, intimidation of voters, and other irregularities.

But let's assume it all takes place more or less on schedule. The stake is control of an independent Zimbabwe. Will the losers accept their fate? Can a reversion to warfare by the Patriotic Front be prevented? Would Muzorewa, the white politicians and civil servants, and South Africa accept the election of Mugabe, the man widely seen throughout white southern Africa as the "Marxist threat"? And how long will the marriage of convenience known as the Patriotic Front stick together if it wins on a joint ticket? There are some reasons for hope. All Zimbabweans are getting tired of war and impatient with politicians whose actions prolong it. Racial animosity is not a striking feature of today's Rhodesia. One of Africa's strongest economies and administrative systems can survive the transition to black rule. The new government will not have to start out at square one. Its ranks could include a relatively well educated black elite.

Mugabe, Muzorewa, and Nkomo could each capture a substantial vote in the election, leaving 20 white seats and 10-15 black seats in the hands of minority parties. The result could be a shaky coalition, the last thing Zimbabwe needs if it is to restore civil government in the countryside and resist the temptation to make a target of the white minority. Though they do not need to become an issue, white land ownership, pension rights, and other protected interests could be used by insecure politicians. Ultimately the task of the new government will be to compete with wartime conditions by offering a better life to more people. This might seem easy. But tens of thousands of young Zimbabweans have done well in today's militarized environment, enjoying security force salaries and living off the countryside.

Yet a shaky coalition may be the most democratic outcome in a country divided by ethnic group, race, region, and the memory of war. Will Zimbabweans vote ethnically or ideologically? Will they vote their

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preferences for men and programs or will they vote for the people who most credibly convey the "winner" image?

The whole process could break down in fear if Britain's bold stroke is perceived to be nothing more than a quick fix. Britain's readiness to support the new government after the transfer of power, and to orchestrate substantial aid for it, must be a prominent part of the exercise. US aid, vaguely proffered at a key stage of the recent negotiations, will be an essential part of the package. Both the West and democracy are being tested in Africa. Zimbabwe offers the best chance either has had for years to prove its relevance. For this reason, it is sad to hear fervent expressions of hope in London that the whole thing can be gotten over with as fast as possible. Washington's dismal record of not backing its rhetoric with action and resources is also dispiriting. Zimbabwe's neighbors can also mess things up. Now is the time for South Africa, especially, to choose between fueling the ample potential for strife in post-Soames Zimbabwe and dealing pragmatically as it has in Mozambique.

There is no basis for optimism about Zimbabwe. But there is less reason for pessimism than we were entitled to expect three months ago.

Chester Crocker

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Libertarianism gone mad.

The Myth of Thomas Szasz

by Charles Krauthammer

Like the atheist who cannot stop talking about God, Thomas Szasz cannot stop talking about psychiatry. And as the premier critic of his own profession, he speaks with the familiar animus of the apostate. He is not a theorist. There is no edifice of alternative Szaszian psychology, only a large excavation littered with the debris of classical theory. He did briefly attempt to build "the foundation of a theory of personal conduct," the subtitle of his major work, *The Myth of Mental Illness* (Harper & Row), but produced only a rather sterile version of game theory psychology. Szasz seems too preoccupied with demolition to attempt any serious building of his own. This is not to deny his importance; it is merely to define him as the polemicist that he is and sometimes admits to being.

As a polemicist, Szasz has no peer. He has succeeded in focusing attention on the loose and easy quality of psychiatric definitions, on the destructive and indelible stigma that often accompanies psychiatric diagnosis, and on the unique and easily corrupted power that psychiatry has been granted. He has spawned an entire movement of anti-psychiatry, complete with schools, sages, and, of course, schisms. Ripples from his abolitionist crusade against commitment laws are only now being felt. Self-help groups and legal defense funds for mental patients have sprung up throughout the country. Mental patients' rights recently were upheld and expanded by the Supreme Court, and, only last month, codified by the Senate subcommittee on health in a patients' bill of rights. Szasz deserves much of the credit.

Szasz himself has become a much sought after commentator. Having struck gold with mental illness, he has diversified his holdings and now has branched out into other areas of social commentary. Hardly a month passes without his gracing the local newsstands with his views on sex-change surgery, drug addiction, the CIA, pornography, or what have you.

But what exactly does Szasz say? Without risk of distortion (Szasz himself likes to summarize and number his arguments at the ends of his books), the Szaszian canon can be reduced to two principles; the rest is commentary. First, mental illness is a myth. Corollary: psychiatrists—"maddoctors"—are the state's henchmen who use this myth as a weapon to degrade social deviants. Second, all people, no matter how seemingly "crazy," are equally responsible for their own actions, and equally entitled to liberty. Corollary: no one should be either involuntarily hospitalized or acquitted of crimes on psychiatric grounds. The first proposition is a scientific statement about the nature of disease and derives from a theory of biological determinism. The second is a political statement about the nature of freedom and respon-

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sibility and derives from a theory of radical libertarianism.

The myth-of-mental-illness argument, with its aura of anti-authoritarianism and its promise of demystification, has proven especially appealing. In a decade it has grown from contentious slogan to popular wisdom. But since Szasz is the kind of author no one reads but everyone knows about, few are aware that the entire argument depends on an unusual definition of illness. The only real illness, Szasz says, is a bodily lesion—that is, a structural defect in the body. And to prevent any misunderstanding of his meaning, Szasz provides a clear test to determine what does and does not meet his definition of illness: it's an illness if a dead body can have it. "Every ordinary illness that persons have, cadavers also have," Szasz writes. "Cadavers can have diabetes and syphilis but cannot have depression and schizophrenia."

This, of course, is preposterous. Can a cadaver have a migraine or epilepsy, high blood pressure or a cardiac arrhythmia? Shall we denounce the myth of migraine? The hoax of hypertension? Even a layman might suspect that there is something idiosyncratic, to put it kindly, about this definition of illness. After all, there are many people with bodily lesions whom we would hardly consider ill (a person with no appendix or six toes). At the same time, many of us have gone to a physician in a condition of suffering and disability, only to be told by the doctor, "I can't find anything." On these occasions we think of ourselves not as imposters and fakers, as Szasz would have us believe, but rather as people suffering an illness whose cause is obscure.

drawing by Vint Lawrence

Bodily abnormality simply is not the same as illness. Take epilepsy, for example. Many epileptics have no detectable brain lesion or brain wave abnormality. On the other hand many perfectly normal people, when screened, turn out to have abnormal brain waves. According to Szasz's criterion, the former are well, the latter diseased. Szasz's definition of illness confuses screening with diagnosis, knowledge of the cause of an illness with its existence, medical epistemology with ontology.

The rest of Szasz's case is based on a radically Cartesian mind/body dichotomy whose lack of subtlety he makes no effort to disguise. Mind is to body, he states (and in fact repeats in the latest preface to *The Myth of Mental Illness*), as television program is to television set. Just as it makes no sense to attribute bad programming to a defective set, it is "silly, wasteful, and destructive to try to eliminate phobias, obsessions, and delusions . . . by having psychiatrists work on our brains." This is a fallacy, as any alcoholic knows. Our minds do indeed receive their programming from the set (brain). This is why alcoholics see pink elephants and syphilitics think they are Napoleon; and it is why Librium can remove the former's hallucinations and penicillin the latter's delusions.

It is one thing to say that for mental illness the connection between mind and body, between brain and behavior, has yet to be elucidated. It is another to say that in principle there can be no connection. The

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history of psychiatry is full of mental syndromes that were discovered to have an organic basis. If one is to follow Szasz's logic, the mentally ill syphilitics of the 1890s had as fraudulent claim to illness as do present-day schizophrenics. That is, until Wasserman discovered the test for syphilis. It seems curious that this historical accident could instantly transform the sufferers from non-diseased to diseased and make what was only "a problem of living" into a genuine illness.

Perhaps recognizing the philosophic and clinical quagmire that his line of argument leads to, Szasz, in his more recent pronouncements on the myth of mental illness, shows a subtle change of ground. Whereas he previously argued that, in principle, mental illness could not be shown to be illness, he now contends that it could—if and when clinical and laboratory correlates are found. This brings us a long way from "the myth of mental illness." Since, as we have seen, Szasz means by "illness" anything for which a cause is known, schizophrenia and the other classical mental illnesses now are essentially no different from most other medical illnesses, for which the clinical syndrome is well identified but the ultimate cause is still under investigation. Furthermore, with his current claim of only the provisional non-existence of mental illness, Szasz is no longer as blissfully impervious to empirical evidence as he once was. And with recent advances in psychiatric research, his position is becoming increasingly tenuous. To take but one example: there is little better evidence that an illness is "biological" in nature than the demonstration of genetic transmission. The mounting evidence that some mental illness may be hereditary has led one leading researcher, Dr. Seymour Kety of Harvard, to the conclusion that "if schizophrenia is a myth, it is a myth with a substantial genetic component."

If the myth-of-mental-illness shibboleth is put to rest, what happens to part two of the Szaszian canon: his opposition to psychiatric commitment and his insistence on strict moral and legal accountability for the actions of everyone, "mentally ill" or not? If Szasz's opposition to psychiatric commitment depends on his argument that mental illness is a myth, one collapses on top of the other. But Szasz states unequivocally that his primary purpose is to abolish psychiatry's power to commit and acquit. He is not about to let his primary purpose become hostage to a vulnerable scientific theory. He therefore established his abolitionist position on firmly independent and clearly political grounds: that depriving anyone of his liberty in the name of his own better interests or excusing anyone on the grounds of diminished capacity constitutes a paternalistic affront to the ideal of personal autonomy.

"Autonomy," Szasz declared in a recent debate, "is my religion." And a devout religionist he is. In fact, only the depth of Szasz's commitment to autonomy can explain the logic of his position on issues like psychosurgery, Laingian anti-psychiatry, even the myth of mental illness itself. One might have thought, for example, that someone who believes that mental illness is a myth and psychosurgery a brutal fraud would support efforts to ban psychosurgery. Some will be chagrined to learn of Szasz's position:

> I am wholly in favor of free trade in psychosurgery between consenting adults. Insofar as other critics of psychosurgery favor banning lobotomy . . . I oppose them just as vehemently as I oppose those who favor banning abortion, heroin, pornography or schizophrenia. . . .
>
> Not satisfied with the controls of contract, some critics of psychiatric brutalities seek the remedy in the enemy—the State—for example, advocating the prohibition of lobotomy. . . . Contract and consent suffice to protect those who want to be protected. Any attempt to extend protection beyond this limit makes the "reformers" indistinguishable from the therapeutic totalitarians they oppose.

The melody is classical 19th-century libertarianism with lyrics by Adam Smith and John Stuart Mill. Not a note is missing—free trade, consenting adults, contract, and consent. The state is the enemy; the contract is the only sacred social institution. Autonomy is the ultimate social value; paternalism is the ultimate sin.

Szasz's libertarian fundamentalism explains his hostility to R. D. Laing's school of anti-psychiatry, which Szasz in many ways helped to create. Laing, the author of *The Politics of Experience* (Ballantine), popularized the view that psychosis is a form of high spiritual achievement in a world of alienation and a creative revolt against, indeed the only truly sane response to, the intolerable conditions of an insanely repressive society. One might have thought Szasz would welcome the views of someone who joined him in proclaiming the myth of mental illness and opposing involuntary hospitalization. But the libertarian in Szasz recoils at the notion of sharing his bed with "a self-declared socialist, communist, or, at least, anti-capitalist or collectivist," particularly one who violates the canons of minimalist government by taking public money and treating his patients without charge, thus forcing one taxpayer to pay for the consequences of another's behavior. What particularly offends Szasz is Laing's view of his "clients" as victims of society on a journey into madness and his view of therapists like himself as protectors and guides. Venerating and cuddling one's "clients," denying them their due as autonomous moral agents, absolving them of responsibility for the consequences of their actions: all this smacks of the paternalism that Szasz finds so repulsive in orthodox psychiatry. Laing blasphemes Szasz's religion of autonomy by denying its central dogma that "human behavior is fundamentally moral behavior," that all action is moral action.

Szasz's mission always has been to uncover the moral dimensions of psychiatric theories. He claims, for example, that schizophrenia was invented to "justify calling psychiatric imprisonment mental hospitalization." This is consistent with his view that ideology and political commitment determine one's scientific beliefs.

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Szasz himself is a fine illustration of this principle. His central scientific claim, the myth of mental illness, so incomprehensible on scientific grounds, becomes understandable when seen as a product of political ideology. The problem with the concept of mental illness is that "it undermines the principle of personal responsibility, the ground on which all free political institutions rest. . . . [I]t precludes regarding individuals as responsible persons and invites instead treating them as irresponsible patients." In other words, the concept of mental illness fails on political grounds. Even if mental illness does exist, it shouldn't.

The crude Cartesian mind/body dualism, which Szasz invokes as scientific justification for his argument that mental illness is a myth, thus yields to a subtler dualism which has little to do with science and much to do with ethics and ideology. What really distinguishes mental illness from other illnesses, Szasz says, is that "bodily illnesses happen to a person" while mental illnesses "are brought about by him . . . and hence are of some value to him." "Real" illnesses are events; mental illnesses are "in the nature of actions." The patient is fundamentally not responsible for his bodily illnesses. But since, for the libertarian, all actions are subject to the same moral judgment, the patient *is* responsible for his "mental illnesses."

Now we can make sense of Szasz's even-handed contempt for psychiatrists ("professional degraders"), Laingian anti-psychiatrists ("base rhetoricians"), ACLU reformers ("a gangster organization"), and the mentally ill themselves ("impersonators," "incompetent, self-absorbed, rejectors of their 'real roles'"). They all deny the patient's responsibility for his or her actions. When Jones says he is Jesus, the psychiatrist says he has a delusion; Laing says he has insight; the ACLU says he has dissident views; Jones knows he has a problem. As for Dr. Szasz, "I say he is lying."

The consequences of such a radical theory of liberty and responsibility are serious and double-edged. Szasz has performed a service to psychiatry and to medicine by illuminating what has previously remained obscure: the central role of power in, the applicability of ethics to, the moral dimensions of psychiatric and medical transactions. Szasz is also correct in identifying a current plague of psychiatric rationalization in which the principle of diminished responsibility is used promiscuously to excuse any action that appears antisocial. (See "The Expanding Shrink," *TNR*, September 22.) If his extremist position has helped to curb this tendency, then he will have done us much good.

Coming:

Who's Afraid of Stalin's Ghost?

But Szasz would not want us to patronize his radical theories by pointing to their salutary effects, or, much worse, to excuse them as a psychological reaction to the current vogue of psychologization itself. He would want to be held to the standards of moral responsibility he demands of others.

Szasz poses the right questions, but his answers are inadequate. His medical theories collapse under the dead weight of the obsolete mind/body dualism he invokes to support them. They can only be viewed coherently when seen as an attempt to distinguish things that "happen to people" from "things that people do." Fundamentally, therefore, "the myth of mental illness" is Szasz's characteristically polemical way of advancing the argument that all action is moral action. It is the scientific gloss on a theory of ethics even more uncompromising than the 19th-century libertarianism it sprang from.

When it comes to libertarianism, Szasz is *plus royalist que le roi*. John Stuart Mill was well aware of the pitiless consequences of unrestrained autonomy, and was prepared to draw the line. In "On Liberty," Mill poses the following dilemma: what should A do when he sees B crossing a bridge that A knows to be unsafe? If there is no time to warn him, Mill concludes, A may forceably seize B and turn him back. "This does not constitute infringement of his liberty for liberty consists of doing what one desires and he does not desire to fall into the river." If there is "only the danger of mischief," and not the certainty, A may not supersede B's right to "judge the sufficiency of the motive that may prompt him to incur the risk." But if B is of diminished capacity ("a child, or delirious or in some state of excitement or absorption incompatible with the full use of their reflecting faculty"), A does have the right to restrain B in B's own interest.

For Szasz, such paternalism is anathema. In a system where "suicide is the greatest human right," diminished capacity is a dangerous and irrelevant doctrine (though Szasz does not hesitate to invoke it for children). Szasz would say that whether or not a person desires to fall into the river is something that no one else can or should ever presume to know. Such relentless and compassionless libertarianism leads Szasz into very dark corners indeed. What *does* Dr. Szasz do when he sees an alcoholic staggering and weaving his way in between cars on the busy highway? Does he bar himself from any interference with the alcoholic's autonomy, or does he grab the drunk and pull him over to the side of the road? And what would Szasz have done in the case of Dr. Frank Olson, the victim of CIA experimentation with LSD, an episode Szasz has so ringingly denounced? Olson, having unknowingly taken LSD, became psychotic and jumped to his death from a 10th-floor hotel room. What would Dr. Szasz have done if he had chanced upon Olson heading for the open window? Recited from *de Tolerantia*? I suspect that if Szasz had been there, he might have attempted a paternalistic (totalitarian?) flying tackle.

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And what are *we* to do with the mentally ill—the catatonic, the delirious, the profoundly retarded? Are we to deny them paternalistic care, regard—and, yes, moral and legal extenuation for their actions—until they can prove that they are being "done to" rather than "doing," until they can produce a structural lesion to prove their innocence and achieve absolution?

Szasz is right in believing that any attempt to circumscribe individual autonomy and attenuate individual responsibility, any attempt to draw lines, invites abuse. But that melancholy truth should be a cause for more reasoned and thoughtful line drawing, not for abandoning the enterprise; for offering help to, not heaping abuse on, those (like psychiatrists) whose difficult task it is to draw these lines. Drawing lines, as John Stuart Mill recognized, is one of the characteristics of civilization. It requires care, compassion, and balance—qualities difficult to find in the solitary, poor, nasty, brutish world of Thomas Szasz's autonomous and never-touching beings.

What happened when Americans captured an Iranian diplomat.

First Time Farce

by Bruce Hardcastle

On November 27, 1935, FDR was in the White House, Reza Shah, father of the recently deposed Iranian monarch, was on the Peacock Throne of Iran, and the sleepy Maryland town of Elkton, best known as a destination for eloping couples, sat astride the main motor route from Washington to New York. At about 10:45 that morning, Jacob T. Biddle, Elkton's 51-year-old chief of police, was standing on Main Street talking with his friend, George Potts, 69, the town's retired police chief. Down Route 40, moving fast, came a big, shiny Packard. Roaring at about 50 miles an hour past a 25 mph speed limit sign, the car swerved around a truck crossing the intersection of Main Street and Landing Lane. Biddle raised his police whistle.

In the rear of the Packard, together with his British-born wife and the family dog, sat the elderly, distinguished-looking Ghaffar Khan Djalal. The envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary of His Imperial Majesty the shah of Iran was on his way to New York carrying Iranian currency plates for printing by the American Bank Note Company. Djalal was running late for his afternoon appointment, and had given his American driver, William Collier, the order to open up the car's powerful engine. He hoped to make the Washington to New York trip in under seven hours.

When Officer Biddle blew his whistle, Collier brought the minister's car to a screeching halt and climbed out. Talking with the chauffeur outside the car, Biddle found the man to be a decent enough sort. He was inclined to let the party go on its way with a warning. There are differing versions of what happened next, but most of the subsequent testimony had it that Djalal jumped from the rear of the car, grabbed his driver by the arm, and told him to pay no attention to Biddle. That was too much for the chief of Elkton's police. When Biddle told the chauffeur he was under arrest, the minister seemed to go wild. Accustomed to the deference of underlings, Djalal took Officer Biddle by the tie, shook him, and threatened him. Potts and Biddle tried to get the Iranian back into the Packard, but Mrs. Djalal struck out at them with her husband's cane and the couple's dog seemed anything but pleased about the whole affair.

Mrs. Clayton Ellison saw the whole thing from her porch on Main Street, while her husband, constable for the third election district of Cecil County, napped inside their home. She roused the constable in time for him to dash out and clamp handcuffs on the minister plenipotentiary from Iran.

The town magistrate was out to lunch, so the minister was taken to the county sheriff's office. He showed his card to a young man there who, reading the words "Minister of Iran" on it, declared, "Why, he's only a damn preacher!" Later, some of the townspeople said they thought Djalal was "just another drunk." Almost everyone involved testified that the minister smelled of drink.

The minster and his party finally were taken to the nearby town of North East. The justice of the peace there knew something about diplomatic immunity, so he dismissed the charge of disorderly conduct against Djalal, suspended a five-dollar speeding fine levied on Collier, and had the driver pay 75 cents in court costs. Iran's highest ranking diplomat in this country had

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been detained for about an hour and 45 minutes.

Two days later, in what proved to be an understatement, the head of the State Department's division of Near Eastern affairs wrote in a memo to the secretary of state, "We shall undoubtedly hear more of this case." Djalal already had made an outraged protest from Elkton by telephone. "I protest on behalf of my Government and myself," the minister wrote in the official note to the secretary which soon followed, "such a violation of international law and courtesy." Djalal demanded "ample satisfaction" for this "flagrant violation of the diplomatic status guaranteed by international law and usage."

The State Department's response to the Iranian minister's protests was swift and comprehensive. In a flurry of telephone calls and correspondence which had begun even before the official note of protest was received, the secretary of state secured an apology to the minister and his government from the governor of Maryland, and released his own apology to the press. Within a week after the incident, again on State Department insistence, Police Chief Biddle and Constable Ellison were tried for assault, fined, and dismissed from public service.

The department's immediate actions to make amends should have brought an end to the Djalal affair, and the Iranian Foreign Ministry's response that the matter was closed did make it appear so. But those who thought the incident was over did not reckon with the character of the Iranian minister in Washington, the gameness of the American press, or the supersensitivity of the Iranians to real or imagined slights.

Months before the drama in Elkton, Djalal already had made himself obnoxious to the secretary of state by going over his head to the Senate concerning the ratification of an international convention containing clauses he felt injurious to Iranian sensitivities and "Persian national rights." Djalal objected to language equating the Persian Gulf with the Red Sea, "both coasts of which," he protested, "are inhabited by semi-savage people" (such as the Egyptians and the Saudis). Diplomacy simply was not conducted this way when Cordell Hull was secretary of state. The apparent reluctance of the Iranian legation to pay its American creditors and employees, as well as the pecadilloes of certain of its officers, also did nothing to endear Djalal to Hull's department. Djalal probably was aware that Hull had sent instructions to the chief American diplomat in Tehran requesting discreet representations to Iranian authorities that Djalal was overdue for a transfer out of Washington.

The account the Iranian minister sent to his government of the Elkton incident left him the entirely blameless victim of unspeakable cruelty and insult, and implied that there may have been some connection between this and his earlier overzealousness in the service of Iran. He reported that whatever American press accounts Tehran might receive would be fabrications. In a private meeting with Hull, Djalal betrayed his special fear that the shah might learn the fuller details of his experience in Elkton, and especially that he had had his hands bound, an ultimate degradation in Iran. Might not the secretary of state show him some special, personal consideration, the minister wondered, such as a public invitation to tea? Hull was cool to the idea, which he interpreted as part of Djalal's attempt to prove to Tehran his continued usefulness in Washington.

The minister and his wife were frantic. In a tearful call to the State Department, Mrs. Djalal tried to reach Mrs. Hull for help. But the decision had already been made in Iran that Djalal was to be recalled. When word of the impending recall reached the Iranian legation in Washington from Tehran, exactly a month after the Elkton incident, Djalal put it about that the move was part of an Iranian protest over his arrest and ill-treatment. But the matter still seemed to have been settled by the end of December.

All this was before the first American newspaper accounts of the Elkton incident began arriving in Persian Gulf ports in the beginning of January 1936. The Amercian press, it might be said, treated the affair rather lightly. To Iranians reading these five-week-old accounts, not treating the minister plenipotentiary of His Imperial Majesty with the proper respect seemed tantamount to finding Reza Shah himself humorous. Besides, Djalal over the years had enjoyed the support and friendship of the Iranian foreign minister, Bagher Kazemi, and so if Djalal was made to appear ludicrous, Kazemi felt, Kazemi was too.

The foreign minister immediately began to choreograph a vitriolic anti-American campaign in Iran's controlled press. There was a US conspiracy to insult Djalal and, through him, the Iranian people, the editors wrote. The Iranians saw the whole episode as a plot. Had not the *New York Times* reported that Elkton was a "speed trap"? Was this not ample proof of a well-laid plan to discredit the Iranian nation? Writing in a country with a centralized uniformed police force, one Iranian editor maintained that "the Government of Washington is to blame for employing such individuals for police service" as Biddle and Ellison. Other editors thought the arresting policemen were part of the New York Police Department.

The Iranian newspapers compared the lawlessness of the United States with Iran's own impeccable standards of behavior. "The Iranian Government," wrote one Iranian newspaperman, "is famous for respecting and supporting international rules and regulations." All the Iranian editors decried the apparent violation of "all the existing codes on international law, custom, usage, comity, and courtesy." But not one mentioned the handcuffing of Djalal. Several portrayed an America without honor, a country dedicated only to material pursuits, possessing only a false veneer of "true civilization," a land of gangsters and murderers.

The most frequently recurring theme in the anti-

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American campaign during January 1936 was that the Elkton incident and the American newspapers' treatment of it were deeply insulting to Iranian national dignity. The arrest was presented as a "grave insult and injury to the political pride and prestige of Iran," a country whose people "are heart and soul devoted to their dignities." America had no right, the Iranian papers wrote, to "assail the dignity and honor of another country," and must learn that "other people of the world are also respectable."

The Iranian press campaign temporarily abated when the American legation in Tehran told Iranian officials that it would pass on to Washington their demand that American newspapers publish editorial expressions of regret. Lower-level Iranian officials were casting about for a face-saving gesture from the United States and the State Department was having trouble discerning who really spoke for Iran's head of state.

After eyewitness depositions on the Elkton incident were given to the Iranian Foreign Ministry, the Djalals returned to Tehran under a cloud. Rumors there had it that the elderly former minister was summoned for an audience and horsewhipped by the shah for having made a fool of himself (and, by extension, of Reza Shah) in Elkton. The anti-American sentiment that the January propaganda campaign had stirred up still lingered among the urban masses, but the matter was again considered officially closed.

The storm broke anew when an article from a February edition of the *New York Mirror*, a Hearst paper, reached the shah early in March 1936. The paper quoted a British source to the effect that Reza Shah had once been a stableboy in the British legation in Tehran. Reza Shah, founder of the short-lived Pahlavi dynasty and sensitive about his humble origins, was outraged. The Iranians threatened to break off diplomatic relations unless the *Mirror*'s story was retracted.

Iranian authorities had a hard time understanding American press freedom, then as now. They simply could not accept the State Department's assertion that the US government could not have unfavorable press comments retracted at will. Iranian foreign minister Kazemi wondered what would be so difficult about the State Department having Congress pass an amendment to the Constitution forbidding press criticism of foreign dignitaries. Secretary Hull found this comment especially dismaying. Kazemi had lived for years in the United States. If this was representative of how the man who ran Iran's foreign ministry and press understood America, how could less traveled and less educated Iranians be made to understand?

But Hearst did consent to a retraction, which appeared in the March 26, 1936, *Mirror*. Nevertheless, two days later, the Iranians recalled all their representatives in the United States. In making its correction, they complained, the *Mirror* had repeated the substance of the original.

The United States continued to maintain diplomats in Tehran, but there was no Iranian representation in Washington for three years. Iran wanted a high-level American envoy to come to Tehran especially to beg for a restoration of full relations, figuratively to prostrate the United States before the shah for insults to the dignity of the Iranian nation. Secretary of State Hull simply waited them out; Iran was not yet important enough for any urgency.

What do we really know about Saudi Arabia?

The Second Pillar of Ignorance

by Peter Lubin

When President Carter raised high his glass in Tehran on New Year's Day 1978 to toast the shah and the Peacock Throne as an "island of stability" in a turbulent region he was not being unusually naive. He was simply expressing what most Americans, fed a steady diet of misinformation, believed at the time.

We know now, as we did not know then, that the real Iran is not the Iran of the shah, and the shahbanou, and all their glittering retinue. The real Iran is much more truly represented by the enraged imam in Qom and the mobs in Tehran. But the repeated mistakes and miscalculations of our government force us to ask what we really know about the stability of other regimes in the Middle East, especially the most important one, Saudi Arabia. After Iran, how can we make certain, or at least more likely, that there will be no similar surprises in the future?

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toward the states of the Persian Gulf is John Barrett Kelly. In a recent article, "Of Valuable Oil and Worthless Policies" (*Encounter*, June 1979) Kelly observed that Western policy in the Gulf region "was initially fashioned from illusion and has been sustained ever since by deceit." After the British withdrew from east of Suez, the United States did not fill the vacuum of power created by their withdrawal. Instead, American policymakers jerrybuilt a "twin-pillar" policy which consisted of building up Saudi Arabia and Iran as "guardians of the Gulf." "[T]he State Department conducted a tireless campaign to depict Saudi Arabia and Iran as dependable allies of the United States: dynamic, stable, forward-looking, economically progressive, and militarily strong, or at least potentially so," Kelly wrote.

That policy is now a shambles. One "pillar" is gone, the other is shaky. There is no margin for error left. The economies of the West would collapse if the oil from Saudi Arabia and the Gulf states were to fall into the hands of the Soviet Union, or of Soviet-backed surrogates, or simply of local fanatics who might cut or shut production. If we are to construct sensible policies we need, before all else, reliable information about Saudi Arabia and the Gulf states. But we are prevented from obtaining such information for a variety of reasons: the ignorance and gullibility of the press; the unreliability of the "experts" we consult; the efficiency of an army of publicists working on behalf of the Saudis; and finally, the difficulties faced within Saudi Arabia by those Americans whose job it is to gather intelligence. If Saudi Arabia were only as important to us as, say, Albania, our lack of information would not be so worrisome. Or if it were an open society, like England or Canada, we would be less concerned. But it is not so unimportant, and it is a closed society, one that attempts mightily to present its own version of events to the outside world.

A good example of American ignorance about Saudi Arabia was the recent drama in Mecca. The daily reports were constantly changing and contradictory. The self-proclaimed Mahdi was an "American-trained" student, we were confidently told on the MacNeil-Lehrer program by someone who claimed to have been told it by a close friend in the Saudi royal family. Other reports said he was a law student, or a theology student, but with no American training. His name was variously given as Mohammed Ben Abdullah, Mohammed Abdullah al-Quraisha, and Mohammed Abdullah al-Kahtani.

Some reports first described the armed attackers as Shi'ite Iranians. Others said they were Shi'ites from eastern Saudi Arabia. (One US government official blithely declared early on that "there are no Shi'ites in Saudi Arabia." On December 6 the *New York Times* reported that there are 300,000 Saudi Shi'ites.) Still other reports said the attackers were Sunni Moslems from western Saudi Arabia, members of the Qoraish tribe. Later we heard that they were members of the Oteiba tribe. Still later we heard that they were a mix of Saudis, Egyptians, and Pakistanis, and most recently, that they were members of a Salafiya movement. We learned that the group was a ragtag band of a few dozen fanatics, then that it was a larger group of tribal rivals of the House of Saud, then that it was a well-armed, well-trained group of several hundred men, and most recently—through non-Saudi sources in Paris—that a thousand men may have been involved in the take-over.

The assault on the Grand Mosque took place at dawn on Tuesday, November 20. On Wednesday thousands of "crack" Saudi troops were said to have retaken the mosque, and were in the process of mopping up. It would all be over within a few hours. On Thursday it was over. On Friday it was all over. On Saturday those Saudi troops were in complete possession of the mosque. On Sunday they were mopping up, and in a matter of hours it would all be over. On Monday it was almost all over, except for the mopping up. On Tuesday, a full week after the original assault, the Saudis were still mopping up (last-ditch holdouts in the basement). On Wednesday, November 28, only some mopping up remained. On Thursday, November 29, it was nearing the end. And on Saturday, December 1, a few holdouts were reported. They were being flushed and smoked out by the Saudi authorities, who were burning tires and deliberately flooding the mosque's basement passages. Five days later it was all over but the final mopping up. Eventually that too will be completed, and the "crack" troops—to whom we are entrusting our F-15s—will have issued their invitation to the beheadings.

In the meantime, the press continues to romanticize and glamorize Saudi Arabia in Sunday supplements and high fashion magazines. For an extreme case, see the 15-page spread in the October issue of *Town and Country*, in which members of the Saudi gentry are seen discharging the responsibilities of rule, or relaxing in their stately homes. Society columnists will continue to fill newspaper columns with descriptions of elaborate Saudi Embassy parties, and we will keep reading of the scores of Saudis who have studied and surfed in the California sun.

But parties and diplomas and lengthy stays abroad prove nothing. Ibrahim Yazdi, Khomeini's close

Coming Next Week:
Charles Silberman on
Blacks and Jews.

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associate and until recently his foreign minister, spent 17 years in Houston, where he raised a family, and even became an American citizen. Abolhassan Bani-Sadr, whose thin smile replaced Mr. Yazdi's wide grin, spent a similar period in Paris, and co-authored a book, *Oil and Violence*, with a French professor. Sadegh Ghotbzadeh, who is now having his turn as Iranian foreign minister, has an almost identical history. All three men are determinedly anti-American and anti-Western. One might also note that the present prime minister of Afghanistan and his predecessor—two Soviet marionettes—were employed by the Americans in Kabul, one as a translator at the American Embassy, before they took power.

A shallow press is only one problem. There is also danger in our continued reliance on a handful of so-called experts, who proffer their "expertise" freely. Many are involved in sizable business deals with Saudi Arabia and the Gulf states. Others are in academic life, and dependent on Arab subventions for "Arab Centers" and professorial chairs, as well as on Arab goodwill for necessities of research such as visas. Few appear to worry nearly as much about the threat to our oil supply posed by the Soviets, Soviet surrogates, Moslem extremists, or OPEC extortion as they do about the "Palestinian problem," which, whatever else it may be, is a handy diversionary tactic used by Arab oil states. Setting up a PLO state, some of these "experts" broadly hint, should do wonders for the security of the Gulf, as friends in Kuwait or Qatar have assured them. For example, Michael C. Hudson, director of the Center for Contemporary Arab Studies at Georgetown, reporting in the *New York Times* of November 1 about his recent trip to Bahrain, said he was convinced by "friendly Arab leaders in the area" that "the road to Gulf security leads through Palestine."

The work of such "experts" can be seen in the recent report by the Atlantic Council on the Middle East, a report which predictably came down soft on the PLO, and was brimming with gratitude toward the Saudis. Many of those whose names were attached to the report are former ambassadors and lesser diplomatic personnel to Saudi Arabia, Kuwait, and other Arab countries. Among the remainder are oil industry economists, public relations men, investment bankers, arms middlemen, and certain Georgetown academics. Several of the listed authors give their occupations as "consultant." They neglect to add that their clients are major construction firms with projects in Saudi Arabia, public relations firms with Arab customers, arms sellers to the Arab military, and a variety of other organizations that have been compromised either by their business deals or by receipt of Arab financial support. Yet the report was discussed respectfully on the front page of the *New York Times* as the handiwork of a number of "prominent Americans" and presumably, therefore, people whom we ought to trust.

Reliable experts do exist. There are disinterested, meticulous scholars in both the United States and Europe who have studied the subject thoroughly and whose warnings should be heeded. I already have mentioned J. B. Kelly. Another knowledgeable observer who has been following events in Saudi Arabia and the Gulf for years is Arnold Hottinger, the senior Mideast correspondent for *Neue Zürcher Zeitung*. In a chilling essay that appeared a few months ago, "Does Saudi Arabia Face Revolution?" Hottinger noted, almost offhandedly, that the "regular Saudi army has been ripe for revolution for some time," that "members of the Saudi upper crust . . . regard the kingdom primarily as a kind of money factory" and have no loyalty to it, and that the "monetary greed of the country's leading businessmen and middlemen—names like Khashoggi and Pharaon are among the most prominent—has become almost pathologically insatiable."

Besides journalists and "experts," we quite naturally rely primarily on the CIA and on our embassy in Riyadh for solid information about the current situation in Saudi Arabia. The Saudis have not made the task easy. About eight months ago, for example, the chief of our CIA mission there was recalled at the insistence of Saudi Arabia. "Saudi displeasure focused on the CIA station chief, because he was known to have been making inquiries about the extent of dissension among the four brothers who dominate the ruling family," the *Los Angeles Times* wrote on May 8.

As for the diplomatic corps, the problem is more subtle. A succession of ambassadors and other diplomatic personnel in Saudi Arabia have found employment after retirement in Saudi-related enterprises. One need not believe in conspiracies to question this state of affairs. It is not that diplomats are peculiarly susceptible to greed and conflict of interest. It is simply that any person of ordinary virtue might well find his or her judgment clouded because of the implied promise of a job in business or finance or foundation work or "consulting" that may await completion of his or her tenure.

The practice of serving Arab governments after retirement has extended beyond the diplomatic corps to others we depend on in the making of our foreign policy. A former CIA station chief in Jiddah, for example, became the main adviser to the Faisal Foundation. A recent chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee now works diligently on behalf of his clients, Saudi Arabia and the United Arab Emirates, as a registered foreign agent.

In its 1978 *Annual Review of Human Rights*, the State Department makes the Saudi system sound positively benign and commends Saudi society for its "egalitarian" nature. Such distortion harms us all. It is as essential that we truly comprehend the closed society of Saudi Arabia as it is that we comprehend the closed society of Soviet Russia. We can be certain that if the American ambassador in Moscow had arranged for a friend the job of representing the Soviets in a public relations effort in this country, the situation would not have

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been tolerated for a minute. And yet that is exactly what our current ambassador to Saudi Arabia, John C. West, did for his friend, public relations man Crawford Cook. West, a former governor of South Carolina who was immensely helpful to Jimmy Carter in his 1976 campaign, suggested to the Saudis that they retain Cook to help with their public relations campaign in this country. The Saudis took West's advice and Cook was hired at an annual salary of several hundred thousand dollars.

Precisely because people are not saints, we must avoid creating situations where sainthood becomes necessary. If officers of the armed services can no longer deal with certain defense-related matters for a number of years following their retirement, there should be a similar restriction against American diplomats becoming commercially involved with the very countries to which they were formerly accredited (and thus trading on their office—perhaps while they are still in it). The most guileless among us can understand the danger if our man in Riyadh were to begin to represent not America and American interests to the Saudis, but rather Saudi interests and demands to the Americans.

Much nonsense has been written about the "moderate" role of Saudi Arabia in OPEC. It is true that seven to seven and a half million of the nine and a half million barrels of oil produced daily by the Saudis is now sold to Aramco at the stated OPEC price, fixed at last July's meeting of OPEC at $18 per barrel, while other OPEC members are charging more. It is also true that the remaining two to two and a half million barrels a day is sold through other outlets at much higher prices.

In fact, the Saudis still make much more money, tens of billions of dollars annually, than they would if there were a free market in oil, without the gigantic boost provided by the cartel. And it is Saudi Arabia that is the key to that cartel. Saudi Arabia, not Nigeria, not Venezuela, not even Qaddafi's Libya, is keeping millions of barrels from the world market in order to keep prices up (including those $45-$50 prices on the spot market that Sheikh Yamani ostentatiously deplores). The whole cartel depends for its success on the Saudi refusal to permit any production whatsoever from 22 of its 37 known oil-producing fields (as reported by the American Association of Petroleum Geologists in 1978).

As the largest producer, Saudi Arabia always will be more "moderate" than the other members of OPEC in its demand for a rise in the cartel price. It is in the Saudi interest, after all, to insure that prices rise no higher than would be consistent with continued high demand. In any case, there is every reason to think that OPEC production levels will be cut, and the price ceiling raised, at the next OPEC meeting, which begins in Caracas on December 17. A variety of explanations will be offered—all more acceptable than that of heedless greed. OPEC spokesmen will solemnly cite the "situation in Iran" or "too-rapid modernization" or increased concern about a "wasting asset."

We also deceive ourselves when we assume that Saudi Arabia is in America's camp (that "special relationship") and would do nothing to harm our interests, because Islam and communism are "incompatible." Several Moslem rulers, even fanatically Moslem rulers, have had no trouble working hand-in-glove with the Soviet Union. We should not forget that the Saudis smiled approvingly when the Soviet Union first entered the Middle East through a massive arms deal with Egypt and Syria in 1955. Saudi Arabia was motivated by anti-Hashemite fervor against the reigning monarchs in Jordan and Iraq. The Saudis support Somalia against the Soviet-backed Marxists in Ethiopia. So they do, but they backed Somalia just as unswervingly when that country, a member of the Arab League, had its forces supplied, trained, and maintained by the Soviet Union. Nor have the Saudis felt any compunction about joining the Soviet Union in supporting the PLO, which has become a convenient instrument of Soviet policy in the region.

Here is an example to illustrate the kinds of folly typically found in articles written about Saudi Arabia. In February the *New York Times* published two articles on Saudi Arabia by Mr. Bayly Winder of the Department of Near East Languages and Literatures at New York University. On two successive days, then, more than a million readers were presented with what many of them took to be the studied conclusions of an "expert"—with inside knowledge—on the reality of Saudi Arabia. Musing on the suggestion of one senator that Saudi Arabia might actually be a "detriment to peace" and that a "fundamental review" of our policy toward Saudi Arabia might be called for, Mr. Winder made clear how offensive he found this idea:

> Is it possible that in Saudi Arabia there are those who advocate a fundamental review of policy towards America, which is seen as immobile with respect to Communist thrusts, ungrateful for moderation on oil, inflating away Saudi assets, and unable to solve the "Palestine problem" justly?

This paragraph is a nice compendium of all the clichés that have kept us believing that the Saudi oil policy is "moderate" and that they are "doing us favors" in OPEC. Such stale formulae prevent us from understanding how much the Saudis need us for protection against the Soviets, extremist Moslems, political radicals, and dissident tribes.

Mr. Winder assures us as well that the Saudi system is fundamentally sound, and that the situation in Iran is very different.

> The Saudi situation also contains a number of strengths lacking elsewhere, say in Iran. With a relatively homogeneous population of only five million to eight million, large external assets, an infrastructure at the end of the beginning, and an annual oil income of some $35 billion, the kingdom is prepared to meet the rising expectations of its people.

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But some of those "relatively homogeneous" Saudi Arabs were behind the recent assault in Mecca. And some of those Saudi Arabs are ancient rivals of the family that currently rules Saudi Arabia. One hardly knows what to say about the breathtakingly breezy approach to statistics ("five to eight million"—leaving three million as a margin for error) except to note that the House of Saud has about 4000 members, which leaves, at a minimum, 4,996,000 other Arabs native to Saudi Arabia who may not wish the regime well, not to mention the several million foreign workers (more than 40 percent of the population, according to recent published estimates) who may have their own grievances. "Large external assets" did not exactly prove helpful to the shah as he came tumbling down. And as Khomeini demonstrates, not all Moslems believe in the satisfaction of "rising expectations" and would prefer the destruction of a society that permits both those expectations and their satisfaction.

Mr. Winder continues:

> In addition, the House of Saud, unlike that of the Shah, has deep roots and experience in governing. It has, in fact, ruled the heartland of Arabia since well before the establishment of the American Republic.
>
> More importantly, the Government has always identified itself as an Islamic polity, dedicated to the service of Islam's holy places, its adherents, its ideals, its achievements, and its final authority in men's affairs.
>
> The Saudis, who feel a deep identity with Islam, and who, unlike their neighbours in Egypt or Iran, have no competing ties to an earlier high civilization, know unambiguously that their government cherishes and promotes Islamic values.
>
> There is also a little-noted political strength. Any Saudi subject can still present his grievance directly to his local *amir* (governor) or even to the king. A half hour in the almost daily *majlis* (audience session) of king or *amir* would convince doubters of the continuing effectiveness of this ancient institution.

When Mr. Winder tells the readers of the *New York Times* (for whom he has been identified as "Director of the Hagop Kevorkian Center for Near East Studies at New York University") that the House of Saud has deep roots and experience in governing, he is disguising the fact that as a ruling national dynasty, rather than as a tribal clan holding sway over the interior desert, the House of Saud dates from the early 1920s, and is thus almost exactly as old as the Pahlavi dynasty. While Mr. Winder may believe that the Saudi government "unambiguously cherishes and promotes Islamic values," apparently not everyone on the Arabian peninsula has been convinced, to judge by recent events. When he writes that the House of Saud has "no competing ties to an earlier high civilization," he is saying that the very primitiveness of the Saudi ruling family is not a handicap but an advantage unavailable to those burdened by such cultural baggage.

As for the soothing use of local color (the age-old tradition of the *amir* holding forth at the *majlis*, which, far from being "little-noted," is a staple of Saudi publicity), neither those who took over the mosque in Mecca, nor the 20,000 rioters reported in the oil-producing regions in early December, seem to have found the *majlis* to be the ideal outlet for expressing their discontents.

Mr. Winder's conclusion follows logically from all that he has said before: "These positive factors plus the observable absence of dissidence lead one to conclude that in the short term there is little cause for alarm about internal threats to stability in Saudi Arabia." The "observable absence of dissidence" noted by Mr. Winder may simply be the result of an absence of discerning observers.

Current American policy toward Saudi Arabia seems to consist mainly in accepting whatever the Saudis do, no matter how harmful, or whatever they demand, no matter how outrageous, and in supplying them with enormous quantities of sophisticated weapons. In fact, the F-15s we have promised the Saudis would be as useless to them internally, and ultimately as dangerous to their own regime, as were the hundreds of F-14s sent to the shah. Neither the F-14s in Iran nor F-15s in Saudi Arabia could help in suppressing internal threats. Nor could the Saudis be of much help to us in the event of outright Soviet aggression. But those weapons—in the wrong hands—could be used against us if, for example, we had to help secure the oilfields. Our eagerness to "recycle" those billions of dollars in the easiest and quickest way we know how, by selling Saudi Arabia the most advanced, and thus the most expensive weapons, takes precedence over caution and good sense.

If our aim is to preserve the current Saudi regime, not because they are our "friends" but simply because what might replace them would be worse, our policy undermines that aim. Within the Saudi Air Force and the other advanced military units we are helping them build, there undoubtedly will be potential trouble-makers: members of rival tribes; religious militants who regard the House of Saud and its luxury as decadent; Marxists; and other disaffected groups and individuals (including not only foreign workers but ambitious royal family members, who may be unhappy with their low positions on the family totem pole). The creation of elite cadres, just like the Air Force cadets in Iran who proved to be the shock troops of Khomeini's revolution, and increased access to powerful weapons, such as planes and tanks, is the textbook way to make a coup more possible and more likely.

The men who make our policy for the Arab oil states hardly seem to be exercising their minds. How much easier it is to tell oneself and others that, after all, there are differences between Iran and Saudi Arabia, and that a country drowning in wealth is an unlikely target for revolution. How much easier to insist that we must make do with our present passivity, with continued submission to whatever the House of Saud tells us is good for us and good for them even if it is bad for them, and bad for us.

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Books and the Arts

Stanley Kauffmann on films

Here Be Actors

Last week a note on what a pair of good actors can do for a weak romantic script. This week a look at what a crackerjack cast—first-class all the way—can do for a middling contemporary drama. *Kramer vs. Kramer*, based on a novel by Avery Corman, was written by Robert Benton who also directed. I don't know the book: the script tells, in lithe dialogue, the story of a New York couple who split. The struggle is not about the divorce, which as such is never glimpsed, it's about the custody of their small son. The drawing of the characters is adequate, possibly excepting the wife who is off screen a good deal of the time. Her inner crisis, which is why she leaves, and her recovery are more matters of report than enactment. All the people go through expected difficulties the way that runners take the hurdles in a track event: no surprise in it, it's just a question of how they do it. The anatomy and engagement of the script are those of a television drama bellying up to reality.

But the actors make it more. It's an old plaint of critics that good actors do much of the writing for lesser authors, fleshing out characters that have only been sketched. That's not quite the case here. As written, Benton's characters are clear enough but are a set of samples. The actors provide the dimensions of travail and grief, and of humor, that turn commonplace incidents of fiction into unique yet representative experiences.

Dustin Hoffman, the husband, is back in form—a new and better form, in fact. Early in his film career he was splendid in *The Graduate* and *Midnight Cowboy*; then he began to seesaw between sleeping and waking—comatose in *Papillon* and *John Loves Mary*, for instance, awake in *Lenny* and *Agatha*. And in *Straight Time* he leaned on a kind of screen presence, strong and silent, that he doesn't have. (He does have his own kind.) In *Kramer* his role is uncomplicated, a man of likes and dislikes carefully arranged to make him both individual and "average"; but Hoffman burns through the givens into the unknowns even in this "average" man. His playing with his child; his patience, true and enforced, with his child; his "office" affection for his boss; his genuine affection for the woman in the apartment below who helps him; his fight for his child, in an emergency operating room and in court—all these and more stab deeper than mere credibility to the community that good acting provides. Hoffman unites us with him and with one another, tacitly but well. And all of this is based on a furious energy, as it was in *Lenny* and *Agatha*: what I'd call the drive of a talented small man. It's an energy that both James Cagney and Edward G. Robinson had in their own ways, an energy that probably has its source in psychic compensation but, in a gifted man, it quickly becomes authentic in itself.

To continue the old-star comparison: Meryl Streep, the wife, is today's Bette Davis, or could be if there were now an equivalent film industry. Streep is first an actress, a much less mannered and self-centered actress than Davis but with Davis's qualities of unconventional beauty and of reliance on acting as much as on starriness—the woman star who really acts and does it in differing roles. Think of Streep as the airy southern rich lawyer in *The Seduction of Joe Tynan* and as the supermarket worker in *The Deer Hunter*, sitting in the stock room stamping prices on items and crying softly. Age allowing, Davis could have done things like that.

But I vastly prefer Streep. In *Kramer* she plays a somewhat neurotic woman whose dissatisfaction with marriage drives her out, leaving her son, 10 minutes into the film and who returns—about a film-hour later, I'd guess—when she has herself in hand and wants to reclaim her son. Obviously the brief appearance at the beginning had to be strong enough to make her a continuing presence and to give her a foothold after she returns. Streep handles this difficulty easily, by concentrating on the truth of the woman and by having the talent for that concentration. I've been waiting for some years now—nastily, I guess—for Streep to make a false move on stage or screen in widely varied characters. I'm still waiting. So much for nastiness.

There's a traditional role in the theater dubbed "Charles, His Friend," which of course has a female counterpart—the confidant(e) of the protagonist. Jane Alexander seems born to be an extraordinarily good "Charles." I've seen her in a lot of plays and films, romantic or strident or maturely feminine roles, and in all of them she has lacked sex and shine—central and centering power. What she can supply is intelligence and, within domestic limits, reliable sensitivity. She has never been better than as the woman downstairs in *Kramer*—no standard soap-opera understanding "Charles" even by the new soap-opera standards, a reinforcer of the drama though not one of its pivots.

Howard Duff is a late bloomer—rebloomer, really. He reappeared (for me, anyway), after long absence, as the family doctor in *A Wedding*. Here, as Hoffman's lawyer in the vicious custody fight, he enriches the screen. With gray wings on his head and an elegant gray moustache, with juicy voice and silver-

Films Worth Seeing

Apocalypse Now. Vietnam as psychedelic trip. The fact that it came out this way, instead of as a moral drama, says more than was intended.

The Ballad of Orin. Superlative cinematography in a moving Japanese film about a blind woman singer in this century.

The Electric Horseman. Gimcrack dress-up of Noble Nature vs. Rotten Civilization theme, but Robert Redford and Jane Fonda provide some nice romantic fancies to snuggle in.

Monty Python's Life of Brian. About another Jewish boy, born at the same time as Jesus, who didn't want to be a messiah. Wittily swift, swiftly witty.

SK

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headed cane, prowling the courtroom or sitting in a bar with an absolutely apt tumbler of neat whiskey before him, Duff embodies the Irish-American histrion who, in life even more than in the theater, has done much to brighten the landscape.

Even the small part of a woman in Hoffman's advertising agency who spends a night with him is well cast. The attractive Jobeth Williams, now in the Off Broadway *Ladyhouse Blues*, has a comic scene to play naked: on the way to the bathroom she encounters Hoffman's small son who is supposed to be asleep. Williams does it wittily.

And this brings us to a recurrent mystery/miracle. All through film history, some directors who have nothing else in common have been able to get good performances from children. I don't mean from child stars like Rooney, Garland, Temple, O'Brien—small monsters who apparently were professional prenatally and could deliver. I mean directors who got good performances from children under 10 who never did anything else: Benoit-Levy (*La Maternelle, Ballerina*), De Sica (*Bicycle Thief*), Truffaut (*The Wild Child*), Ritt (*Conrack*) to name just a few. Now Benton's name must be added. Justin Henry, about six when the film was started, had not acted before. With Benton's help, and surely with Hoffman's and Streep's help, the boy goes through as wide a range of scenes as he could possibly be asked for, and he is true, absolutely true, every moment. He's enchanting. And the mystery of how it's done—which probably begins with a very acute casting sense, a "smell" of possible response and imagination—that mystery goes on.

Nestor Almendros, a master, did the cinematography, but he didn't need to. Outside of the exquisite opening sequence, which begins with a burnished close-up of Streep, the cinematography could have been done adequately by any competent man. The music is mostly a Vivaldi mandolin concerto which is "planted" in the film by a shot of two New York street musicians playing it and which dresses the sound-track neatly. (Did you know that, in nice weather, Fifth Avenue at night is now a series of recital halls? In one shop doorway after another, soloists and various small groups play, for contributions.)

Benton's direction must first be praised for his choice of actors and his collaboration with them. This is his first serious film: previously he directed *Bad Company* and *The Late Show*, both heavily comic. Here he's dealing with heartbreak, even though it's seen through a temper of quick comedy, and his hand is just and right. He does well with the interiors of scenes, the movement of actors and camera, the internal cuts. My one quarrel is with the overall editing, the joining of sequences. I'm always conscious of his cutting away for time-lapses, beginning with an early insert of garbage trucks—after Streep walks out—to tell us that a night has passed. And too often, at the end of the sequence, Benton cuts or fades to black. This device, once common, is now relatively rare and should stay rare. No one wants to be jolted to consciousness of the screen itself while watching a film, unless that moment of black, that consciousness of the screen's existence, is itself part of the film, as it sometimes has been in Bergman. I can't remember any instance of black in *Kramer* where the film couldn't simply have cut ahead to the next sequence, perhaps holding the opening shot of the new sequence a few frames longer to let us get our bearings.

But Benton has made a good vernacular film that, because of its acting and its urban detail more than its story or writing, is what I'd call a time-capsule work. Compare it with Woody Allen's *Manhattan* which—funny lines, lush photography, and all—made an attempt at a large embrace of New York, an attempt to enclose its current styles and behavior in a paean to the city; and failed because of the script's flickering vision and the cast's inadequacies (except Meryl Steep, who was in that one, too). Benton's film makes no attempt to sing the city, but it fastens so tight a grip on some city lives that the city they live in can't escape. Put *Kramer vs. Kramer*, not *Manhattan*, in the time capsule, and if it is dug up centuries from now, it will report some truth about the city today—flavor, quirk, pain, and maneuver, and the wry comedy in which they all seem to be set.

Michael Ullman on jazz

Christmas Round-up IV

Ferdinand "Jelly Roll" Morton was not a modest man. Flashy, garrulous, and ambitious, he asserted dramatically that he had invented jazz and that his music prefigured swing. He composed such jazz classics as the "Winin' Boy Blues," "Buddy Bolden's Blues," and the "King Porter Stomp," and in the late 1920s and early 1930s led some of the most satisfying recordings of New Orleans jazz. He was never casual about these sessions: he told his musicians to play the "little dots" that he had written for them, and his compositions included artfully contrived sequences of contrasting themes designed to be interesting structurally and unified in effect. Gunther Schuller has called Morton "the first intellectual that jazz produced," capable of blending "the more technically controlled playing of Downtown [New Orleans] with the hot, unabashedly emotional playing of Uptown Negroes" (*Early Jazz*).

In 1939, Morton was ill and his music outmoded and unpopular, but he remained anxious for a comeback. He wrote Charles Edward Smith about a "subject of mutual benefit," which turned out to be his proposal to record a group of rags and early jazz pieces. Recently Commodore has reissued the resulting recordings as *New Orleans Memories Plus Two* (Commodore XFL 14942). They include relatively restrained solo versions of "Winin' Boy" and "Buddy Bolden's Blues," several ragtime pieces, and the pure and simple "Mamie's Blues." Issued here for the first time are "Sporting House Rag" and a second version of "The Naked Dance." Morton was a versatile piano player and one of the music's best singers. He died a little over a year after these recordings were made.

Critics and scholars have trouble deciding what constitutes true jazz singing, but no one disagrees about Sheila Jordan. Unfortunately, few people hear her. Jordan's Blue Note LP has been out of print for years, and since the 1960s she has been heard mostly in supporting roles; in them she uses her musical tact, adventurous ways with melody, and unique sense of rhythm to color recordings by such people as Marcello Melis (*Free to Dance*, Black Saint BSR 0023). Her eerie "You Are My

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Sunshine" (with George Russell) has been reissued on Russell's *Outer Thoughts* (Milestone 47027) and her more buoyant performances on trombonist Roswell Rudd's *Flexible Flyer* (Arista/Freedom 1006) are still available. Now we have a record, *Sheila* (Steeplechase 1081), in which Jordan sings a series of jazz ballads and new pieces, accompanied only by bassist Arild Andersen. These are intimate performances showcasing Jordan's ability to transform melody, alter harmonies, and control and bend the pitch without sacrificing the emotional directness that characterizes her singing. Sheila Jordan is in her 50th year. With Betty Carter, Jeanne Lee, and Abbey Lincoln, she is one of the most adventurous and satisfying jazz vocalists alive. She makes a living as a typist. (Steeplechase Records are available from Rounder Distribution, 186 Willow Avenue, Somerville, Massachusetts, 02144.)

Dexter Gordon was the tenor saxophonist in the news several years ago: now it is Johnny Griffin's turn. Griffin, like Gordon, has spent many years abroad, but in the past two he has toured this country repeatedly. Griffin has been popular before, first when his fleet, skittery tenor provided an adequate foil for Thelonius Monk's chunky piano style in the late 1950s, and later when Griffin paired with the gruff Lockjaw Davis, co-leading a two-tenor band that recorded for Prestige. Some of those recordings have been reissued on *The Toughest Tenors* (Milestone 47035) but more importantly, Griffin has been making new records, including two for Galaxy (*Return of the Griffin*, GXY-5117 and *Bush Dance*, GXY-5126) and *Live in Tokyo* for Inner City (IC-6042-2). As "Autumn Leaves" on *Return* demonstrates, Griffin is still fast, but he sounds relatively chaste—forceful but not ostentatious—today. He has written some attractive tunes, especially "The Way It Is" (*Return*), a gentle rollicking blues with a theme reminiscent of the R&B hit, "Please Send Me Someone to Love." The rhythm section of *Return* is a bit stiff. *Bush Dance* is freer, but Griffin mars the record's "Night in Tunisia" with an overlong introduction and coda. Both albums are worth having for their blues. *Live in Tokyo* features Horace Parlan on piano; it is a good example of what one is liable to hear of Griffin in a nightclub.

For all his virtuosity, his skills as a composer and arranger, and his wide experience—he has played with Latin bands, Stan Getz, Miles Davis, and Anthony Braxton—Chick Corea has always exuded a sort of brisk naiveté. He is the most pleasant of young jazz stars, displaying none of Keith Jarrett's bearish temperament. His latest solo album (*Delphi 1*, Polydor 1-6208) is dedicated to the Delphian School set up by the Church of Scientology which, the notes tell us, produces students who are (on the average) 19 months ahead of the rest of the nation in achievement. One hopes that they use the 19 months wisely. Most of this album captures a group of spontaneously improvised miniatures designed to give Corea's impressions of various aspects of the school. There is little drama here, but the music is full of odd fragments of melody that may someday be worked into formal Corea compositions. More interesting to the jazz listener is the new series of duets Corea did with vibist Gary Burton (*Duet*, ECM 1-1140). The record contains four from Corea's series of "Children's Songs," their form and approach as reminiscent of Chopin's

SARCOPHAGUS

(from *Etruscan Things*)

Even in life my lover
said: "You sleep like a statue,
not like most people—curled up
animals."

I can still see
the Day of Parting—perhaps
more clearly from inside this
box. At my feet, on the stone,
the journey takes form. Out there
stand two of me, one on each
side of my brother. Behind
him I touch his shoulder, bid
farewell. Before him I am
veiled, untouchable.

Dream scenes enclose me. The long recurrent
ones fret my two sides. Caught between beasts
a hart in pain: lion claws scrape his thigh,
fangs tear into his rump. The hart does
not struggle, cranes his neck, closes one eye.
A beak slashes his throat; the gryphon's
tail, a snake arched back to strike, peers into
Charun's eyes. The demon—casual,
hypnotized—leans on the hammer he has
no need to raise. His serpent hand poised,
Tuchulcha looks on, down his snout, wanting
the lion's share. . . . This much I have learned:
we creatures spoil ourselves. There is nothing
more to fear.

At my head—
dead reckoning: two Lasas
record my deeds on tablets,
on scrolls. What's done—
is done.

My right hand clasps a pomegranate whose
crimson pulp disintegrates even now;
white seeds line its comb of cells, the rind—dark
as dried blood—complete. My left hand, folded
under my cheek, has fallen asleep. I
offer myself to the stone network of
tiny mouths. . . . Above the empty space my
flesh no longer fills, my being hovers,
settles, forms a lid. As in life, I rest
there—alone—on a hard, unquiet bed.

Rika Lesser

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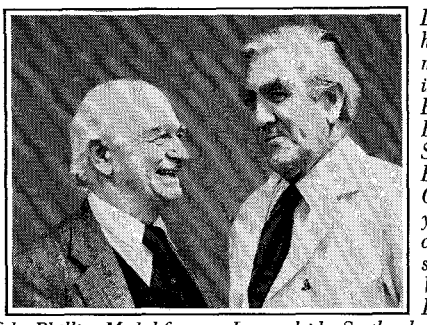
Preludes as of anything in jazz. There is a vigorous rendering of Corea's most popular composition, "La Fiesta," and several works by Steve Swallow. The mental agility of the two musicians matches their technical virtuosity.

Norvo, Hampton, Jackson, Burton: vibraphone players seem to achieve either stardom or near total obscurity. Two of the obscure are Bobby Naughton and Walt Dickerson, while Jay Hoggard, still in his late 20s, seems on his way to stardom. All three have recent records. Walt Dickerson, whose album *Impressions of a Patch of Blue* had a long and distinguished career in the cutout bins, has made several records for Steeplechase: *Peace*, an open-ended rendering of two compositions, and his latest, *Visions* (SCS-1126), a series of duets with Sun Ra, pianist, catalyst of the Sun Ra Solar Arkestra, and would-be leader of the free (and spacy) world. The performances are strangely romantic and seductive. Bobby Naughton is a 35-year-old musician living in Connecticut. He can be heard on Leo Smith's *Divine Love* (ECM 1-1143) and on several albums of his own: *Nauxtagram* and *The Haunt*, both issued by Otic Records (Southbury, Connecticut, 06488). *The Haunt* is a series of trios with Leo Smith and Perry Robinson, an avant-garde clarinetist who, while he was recording with Archie Shepp, Henry Grimes, and others, seemed to represent the future of the jazz clarinet. The music is sharp without being strident: it is a series of group improvisations based on minimal themes. The technique is Ornette Coleman's but the leisurely tempos and widely differing timbres of the three instruments allow us to follow easily the development of the improvisations. *Nauxtagram* is in some ways a more conventional date, but it includes a charming and often amusing duet between Naughton's vibes and the marimba of Cleve Pozar. It sounds like gamelan music. The third vibist, Jay Hoggard, has played and recorded with Clifford Thornton and Chico Freeman, and now he has new records on Arista (5004) and a solo date with India Navigation (IN 1040). The highlight of this album is Hoggard's bluesy performance of a ballad from an unlikely source: the movie *The Wiz*. *Days Like These* on Arista is a danceable date enlivened by several of Hoggard's tunes, and by a solo of Chico Freeman's. Purists beware: the instrumentation includes a string section and vocal backgrounds.

Weather Report is the most successful jazz group in the country. They remain



Dr. Linus Pauling, twice a Nobel Prize winner, heads the Linus Pauling Institute of Science and Medicine in Menlo Park, California. He holds 33 honorary doctorates, has been awarded both the Presidential Medal for Merit and the National Medal of Science, and is the recipient of the Phillips Medal for Contributions to Internal Medicine, awarded by the American College of Physicians, as well as other medical awards.

Dr. Ewan Cameron holds numerous medical degrees, including the F.R.C.S. from the Royal College of Surgeons in Edinburgh and in Glasgow. For many years he has been in charge of the 100-bed surgical unit in the Vale of Leven Hospital, Loch Lomondside, Scotland, and he is a senior member of the research staff of the Linus Pauling Institute.

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controversial—the group, it is said, is dominated by keyboardist Joe Zawinul, a Viennese musician who composed Cannonball Adderley's hit "Mercy, Mercy"; and saxophonist Wayne Shorter, once a rugged avant-garde player, has been reduced to adding texture to an electronic sound. The scenario is familiar to those who once followed the Modern Jazz Quartet, an organization that supposedly allowed John Lewis to contain and repress the improvisatory talents of Milt Jackson. Weather Report doesn't deserve the criticism. They produce music that is professional and appealing. Both Zawinul and Shorter have the knack of writing tunes that bear the repetition they inevitably receive, and the group's use of resonant electronic sounds is colorful, if not enlightening. *Weather Report 8:30* (Columbia PC2 36020) is largely a live date, containing new versions of some of the group's hits, such as Zawinul's "Birdland." The weakest track is, surprisingly, Shorter's solo feature "Thanks for the Memory." The hysterical audience will not allow him to develop the classic theme in anything but a histrionic manner.

I have written recently in these pages of Charles Mingus, but I should note that many of his most powerful performances have been reissued in the anthology, *Passions of a Man* (Atlantic SD-3-600). And we have a new record led by the great trombonist associated with Mingus: Jimmy Knepper (*Jimmy Knepper in L.A.*, IC 6047). It features an up-tempo version of "Sweet Georgia Brown" entitled "Bertha the Dragoness," a surprisingly raunchy "Things Ain't What They Used to Be," and several ballads. Knepper was known for developing the facility of the bebop trombonists without sacrificing the passion or high jinks of earlier styles.

Violinist Joe Venuti was making chamber jazz recordings over 50 years ago. Many of Venuti's astonishing, fluid early solos were reissued in *The Golden Days of Jazz: Joe Venuti-Eddie Lang* (CBS JC2L 24). Supplementing that set is a recent issue, *Joe Venuti: 1927-34* (Yazoo 1062), that offers alternate takes of some of the pieces on the Columbia set as well as a group of tunes the older set overlooked. Pet lovers will note that Yazoo answers CBS's "Beatin' the Dog" with the 1927 "Kickin' the Cat."

The end of Western supremacy.

Culture and Civilization

by Geoffrey Barraclough

From its very inception modern industrial society has been expansive; ever-increasing productivity has been its lifeblood. The famous economist and Nobel prize-winner, Wassily Leontief, has calculated that, if we continue at the present rate with no acceleration, we shall use up between three and four times as much of the world's mineral resources during the remainder of the 20th century as were consumed during the entire previous history of civilization. The unanswered question today is how long this squandering of irreplaceable resources can go on unchecked, and what in any event is the future of a civilization whose very basis is ceaseless growth and conspicuous consumption.

These questions account, in part at least, for the growing doubt whether the promise of industrial society will be—and, indeed, whether realistically it can be—matched by its performance. They explain why what used to be called the "revolution of rising expectations" has turned into a "revolution of rising frustrations." According to the distinguished Cambridge scientist, Peter Medawar, "the goal of a happy, high-consumption world cannot be fulfilled even for the 3.5 billion people now alive, much less the six billion expected by the year 2000."

But there is another question which is perhaps even more insistent, and that is whether the sort of future industrial society promises—whether or not it can produce it—is really the sort of future we want. It is possible, in other words, that under the impact of Western science and Western technology the world took off in a wrong direction; and the fact that, to all appearances, continuous expansion and ever-increasing productivity are unsustainable objectives gives the question an actuality, and an urgency, it did not possess a generation ago. If, on the one side, there is a disenchantment with the products of industrial society and a fear that it may be leading us into a blind alley, on the other side there is a growing perception that the advance of civilization is destroying, or at least is engulfing, inherited cultural values.

It is no accident that the dichotomy between modern technological civilization and traditional cultural values is felt most strongly in Asia and Africa. In the West, modern society grew by fairly regular stages out of traditional society; there were many uncomfortable moments, but there was no sudden break, no direct confrontation. In Asia and Africa the West forced its values, often at gunpoint, on peoples who had no desire to adopt them. Neither China nor Japan wished to open its ports to the West. The Chinese proudly told George III's ambassadors that there was nothing they needed from the Western barbarians. And although China, as Joseph Needham has shown, was ahead of Europe—sometimes millennia ahead—in basic scientific discoveries, it did not exploit them to enforce its dominance or impose its cultural values; it did not, for instance, think of gunpowder, as Europeans did, as a means of destroying its enemies.

This attitude, deeply rooted in Confucian values, contrasts strikingly with the thrusting spirit of Western society. It made China vulnerable to Western material superiority, but it did not imply cultural or spiritual inferiority, and the Chinese were always aware of the difference. When the British fought their way up the Canton River in 1841, the Cantonese denounced them for seeking profit like animals seeking food. "Except for your ships being solid, your gunfire fierce, and your rockets powerful, what good qualities do you have?"

Historians have discussed at length the sources of the thrusting, restless dynamism of the West. What is important is that a religious fanaticism, which seems to have developed in Europe in the course of the 11th century, was transformed later into a secular religion, the religion of success. And from this secular religion, which later took root in New England, spring both the overweening confidence in man's ability

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to solve his problems by his own unaided skills and the drive of the new industrial society. They reflect a peculiarly Western attitude to the world.

At one time Westerners took pride in it; they spoke, with a sense of superiority, of the "Faustian spirit" of Western society. Some still do; but the number of dissenting voices is growing. The reason, in part, is disillusion with the religion of success, a realization of the emptiness—almost the pointlessness—of growth and affluence as ends in themselves. But there is also increasing awareness that the onward march of civilization destroys as much as it creates. Paradoxically, the world we have created for ourselves, in spite of its amenities, is a place few people—even the apparently favored jet set—find satisfying. We now realize that culture and civilization are not the same thing—that you can be civilized but not cultured, and cultured but not civilized.

The dichotomy between civilization and culture was the central preoccupation of Oswald Spengler, one of the great though currently unpopular and neglected thinkers of our century. For Spengler the history of mankind is, in essence, the story of the supersession of culture by a thin layer of civilization imposed, usually, by a predatory, expanding imperialism—a layer so thin that eventually it cracks and the cycle begins anew. This is the theme of Spengler's *Decline of the West*, and subsequently Arnold Toynbee, who took up where Spengler left off, showed how the fabric of civilization was torn apart, time after time, by the combined assault of an internal and external proletariat, both deprived of their cultural heritage and alienated from the dominant civilization and its values. If we look closely enough, I think, something of the sort is visible on the contemporary horizon.

Culture, in the sense in which Spengler and Toynbee used the word, is the antithesis of civilization. It is the product of long tradition, of shared habit among people living together over generations; it reflects a particular way of life and a particular view of the world. Its characteristic is spontaneity, and it is often said that it cannot be exported or imported. Civilization, by contrast, is mechanistic. It provides the mechanism and the ideology necessary to hold together large-scale political societies, and this today implies high technological requirements (without which the whole body politic might collapse); but in most essentials the mechanism was little different in earlier times than in simpler but extensive empires like Babylon or Persia or the Han empire of China.

In practice, of course, the distinction between civilization and culture was never as clear-cut as these definitions suggest. It is not true, for example, that culture cannot be exported. Much of the history of China—certainly of early China under the Ch'in and Han dynasties—is the story of the assimilation of more primitive peoples, particularly in the South, into the prevalent Chinese culture. Culture is something created, not given.

Furthermore, we should resist the temptation, to which many intellectuals are prone, of extolling culture at the expense of civilization. Culture also has its dark sides. When the English condemned the practice of suttee, or widow-burning, in 19th-century India, they were attacked for interfering with Indian tradition; but it is hard to think that any Indian today would say that they were wrong. That is why it is important to insist that, in spite of different cultural traditions, there are basic human values to which we must adhere if we wish to maintain civilized standards of living.

And, of course, we *do* wish to maintain civilized standards of living—just as those, still the vast majority of mankind, who have never enjoyed them, wish to attain them. In any case, there is no going back. Whatever the West has done to the East—and in some respects (for example, the improved position of women) it would be hard to show that it was detrimental—it is now a fact of life.

It would seem, then, that the essential problem facing us today is how to reconcile the preservation of the cultural differences all people feel and most people cherish—differences reflecting centuries or millennia of shared historical experience—with the need to organize the world, with its limited and irreplaceable resources, in such a way that we can survive into the 21st century. It is a problem I am far from convinced we are capable of resolving. The great civilizations have always been, in Eric Voegelin's expressive phrase, "a graveyard of societies"—in other words, they have submerged smaller, indigenous cultures in their expansion. This is true from the time of the Medes and Persians, whose ruler Cyrus the Great proudly proclaimed himself "king of the four quarters of the world," down to the present. The British in the 19th century, for example, saw their dominions as "the empire on which

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the sun never sets" and spoke scornfully of "the lesser tribes without the law."

In part, no doubt, this attitude is racist, but only in part. It springs also from the self-assurance of a successful, expanding civilization, convinced that its values are superior to any others, or even that they represent eternal verities. Two thousand years ago the Romans propagated and exported the Roman way of life; similarly today Americans propagate the American way of life. The result is a kind of cultural colonialism, more insidious perhaps than sheer predatory colonialism, and no better because it is often motivated by benevolence and a genuine sense of mission.

For the victims of progress—or at least its unconsulted objects—the position is almost directly the reverse. What they see is the way their inherited culture is being engulfed and destroyed by the spreading tentacles of a uniform, standardized civilization, underpinned by values and assumptions they do not share. The islands of the Pacific and the Caribbean are being turned into a Western playground, their people into the helots of the affluent West—servants, porters, kitchen hands, guides, attendants. No wonder the West Indian poet Aimé Césaire declaims against the white world and praises "those who never invented anything" and "those who never conquered anything."

Not surprisingly, this perception is strong among the peoples on the periphery of the self-styled civilized world. But it is not confined to them. One of the significant developments of the last quarter of a century is the reassertion by peoples living in the very heart of advanced Western countries—what are sometimes patronizingly called the "subcultures"—of their individuality and of their right to lead their own lives as they think best. In France, Bretons, Corsicans, Alsatians, and the Occitanians of Gascony and Provence are struggling to free themselves from the heavy hand of Paris; in Spain, Basques and Catalans are resisting subordination to Castile. Belgium is divided between Flemings and Walloons, and in the British Isles Wales and Scotland, which everyone 50 years ago regarded as integral parts of a single United Kingdom, are demanding some form of autonomy. With these instances before our eyes, there is no need to turn to the desperate Kurdish resistance to Iraq and Iran to see that cultural differences are a major fact in a world which is technologically becoming one.

The revolt against technocratic society is taking place simultaneously on a number of different fronts. Many of the peoples involved in the revolt inhabit regions handicapped on an economic as well as on a cultural level, and their demand for autonomy is directed, at least in part, against economic subordination to the interests of the dominant ethnic group. In this sense we can speak of a rebellion of the internal proletariat, an uprising of the underprivileged regions. At the same time we are witnessing a revolt against the frustration, anonymity, and sheer mechanical tedium of life in the factory and on the shop-floor, and against the dehumanizing consequences of large-scale industry. In other words, the more the spread of industrial society enforces a convergence of lifestyles, the more the peoples of the world are insisting on their autonomy and individuality. This is the paradox at the heart of contemporary industrial society, and it goes far to explain the crisis of modern industrial civilization.

What we are discovering, slowly and belatedly, is that it is easy to impose a civilization but difficult to depose a culture. And yet this has always been the case. The history of Persia is essentially the story of the survival of Persian culture under successive layers of Greek, Roman, Arab, and Turkish civilization, and we have seen how Persian traditionalists are ready to fight to defend their cultural identity against the shah's "modernizing" policies. The simple fact is that the strength of tradition and the weakness of civilization is, in the end, a question of numbers. India was the heart of the British empire; but even at the height of British imperial power there were only some 300,000 British in Asia in an aggregate population of over 300 million. The same is true of the other great imperial powers of history. Spread thinly over a vast territorial expanse, they could only keep their empire in being with the aid of the subject peoples; when this was denied or withdrawn the day of reckoning was near.

I am not suggesting, of course, that the spread of civilization is simply a question of force and power. It also involves the peaceful diffusion of ideas and practices—currently American ones. It looked for long as though the world was being Americanized. Today it is not so certain. Even in the United States itself the mythology of the American way of life is being questioned, and the old picture of America as a melting pot is ceasing to be true. Generations of immigrants asked nothing better than to forget their past and submerge their cultural differences in a common American lifestyle, and the primary aim of American education was to mold them and their children in a single pattern. Today this is no longer the case. The black movement is directed quite specifically against assimilation. Chicanos and Puerto Ricans do not wish to be absorbed but to retain their inherited culutral traditions. These are facts we should remember when we are told that the ultimate convergence of lifestyles is inevitable.

Cultural traditions have deep roots—far deeper, usually, than the civilization grafted onto them. That is why it is rarely possible to impose the patterns of one society on another for any length of time. The failure of cultural assimilation is a theme running through history—seen more recently in the fate of British parliamentary institutions in the former British colonies—and there is no reason to think that the process is at an end. Not, of course, that any people anywhere deliberately is going to turn its back on modern science and technology, even if it could. But that does not mean that they are ready to see their cultural identity submerged and lost under a veneer of technocratic civilization. For a time it looked as though they would. But today it is technocratic civilization that is under assault, both from within and from without.

The conclusion I would draw is that it is time to think again about the future of Western civilization, or at least about the direction in which it is going. A great deal has been written in recent years—most of it distinctly pessimistic—about the dangers ahead and the possibility of imminent disaster. It is a characteristic sign of the current cultural malaise, and shows at least a growing awareness of the fragility and precariousness of civilization. But it is a one-sided literature, preoccupied almost exclusively with the symptoms of material breakdown and scarcely at all with the possibility of cultural breakdown. Few

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of the writers seem to be aware of the groundswell which is shaking technological civilization at its foundations. Most simply assume that the sort of society in which we live—modified, of course, and adapted to enable it to survive in an age of scarcity and burgeoning population—will continue to set the pattern of the future. Most assume also that modernization—by which they mean the diffusion of Western values, Western technology, Western political ideas, and Western institutions—is the only practicable way forward. Neither proposition is as self-evident as its proponents believe. But the trend, so far as we can see, appears to be in the opposite direction—toward political decentralization and economic decentralization, toward a rejection of the domination of the great metropolitan centers and transnational structures and a reassertion of cultural traditions and cultural autonomy.

At the moment, all we can safely say is that we seem to have reached, perhaps passed, a turning point, that the wave of Western civilization is ebbing, not rising. It is easy, particularly for the beneficiaries, to regard this reversal as a catastrophe, and in all likelihood the years ahead, the years of adjustment to a new social environment, will be turbulent and difficult. There is even a possibility, perhaps more than a possibility, that we shall not make the adjustment. But only those who believe that modern industrial civilization represents some sort of apotheosis are likely to regret its passing.

If this is the outline of the world that is emerging, it will almost necessarily be a simpler, less ambitious world. The technocratic view of the future—the view that equates quantitative growth with progress—has lost its savor and its credibility. Even the underdeveloped nations of Asia, Africa, and Latin America—much as they need roads, schools, electric power, machines, and the rest of the apparatus of modern civilization—are beginning to realize that salvation does not lie simply in acquiring Western technology or in the vain dream of catching up with the West. For them, also, the immediate task is to find an equilibrium which will enable them to attain a decent standard of living and at the same time preserve their own distinctive cultural values. For the peoples of the West the challenge is different. We enjoy, with rare exceptions, the benefits of the affluent society. Do we intend to go down with them, like the pampered, decadent Gallo-Roman senatorial families of whom we read in the pages of Gregory of Tours, unable and unwilling to adjust to changes they could not control? The problem of the West is not a lack but a surfeit of civilization. Our task today is to harness its achievements to human needs, as the great founders of modern science in the 17th century intended they should be harnessed. We have accumulated all we need, probably more than we need. The question now is whether we are ready to call a halt, and adapt ourselves to a simpler way of life, before we are forced to call a halt.

One of the paradoxes of the interdependent world created by the spread of Western industrial society is that interdependence makes it more, not less, important to respect and tolerate differences in culture, values, and ways of living. Otherwise the prospects for peace are slender. What we have to learn is that there are stronger forces in history than the progress of science and technology. Civilization, as we understand it, is running into a dead end; culture, in the sense of the cultivation of our inherent diversities, opens a road into the future. The challenge for our generation, one of many in an age of ferment and upheaval, is to discover how to reconcile civilization and culture.

A longer version of this essay appears as a chapter in *Turning Points in World History*, published in a limited edition by Thames and Hudson.

Field Work
by Seamus Heaney

(Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $8.95)

The poems of Seamus Heaney give several kinds of pleasure: first of all, he is a talented writer, with a sense of language and rhythm as clean, sweet, and solid as new-worked hardwood. Beyond that, his previous book, *North*, showed inspiringly that his talent had the limberness and pluck needed to take up some of the burden of history—the tangled, pained history of Ireland. Heaney's success in dealing with the murderous racial enmities of past and present, avoiding all the sins of oratory, and keeping his personal sense of balance, seems to me one of the most exhilarating poetic accomplishments in many years.

It is no real dispraise of *Field Work* to observe that it is a less original, less heroically stretched work than *North*. There is a distinct feeling of artistic rightness about the relatively more measured qualities of these new poems: they present a less agonized manner, and a more actual Ireland, seen from closer to ground level.

In *North*, the English language was partly reinvented to emphasize words rooted in the tongues of the remote Scandinavian invaders, a thorny cadence and vocabulary of Germanic and Celtic parts jammed together, with Frenchified or Latinate bits floating in a calculated violent relation to the whole. And while an American reader's first mental picture of Northern Ireland may be (by virtue of television) grimly urban, Heaney's speech in *North* was rooted in farmland and fen. When, in the first sentence of "Come to the Bower," the poet reaches into the peat soil that mummifies the past and sustains the present, the language he uses corresponds to the physical action:

> My hands come, touched
> By sweetbriar and the tangled vetch,
> Foraging past the burst gizzards
> Of coin-hoards
>
> To where the dark-bowered queen,
> Whom I unpin,
> Is waiting.

The freshness of the idiom seems openly made out of something like archaeological discovery: each word ("forage," "vetch," "gizzards") set to suggest that the flecks of dark, rich mold have just been brushed from it.

In *Field Work*, the characteristic gestures seem less intuitive and sensory, more direct and prosaic. When the poet asks the Sibyl, "What will become of us?" she begins her answer in a suitably grave, prophetic way: "'I think our very form is bound to change. / Dogs in a siege. Saurian relapses. Pismires. / Unless forgiveness finds its nerve and voice.'" This in itself confirms that the title *Field Work* denotes (among other things) an outward, daylit kind of

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attention; and the Sibyl's conclusion touches an even more prosaic level:

> 'My people think money
> And talk weather. Oil-rigs lull their future
> On single acquisitive terms. Silence
> Has shoaled into the trawlers' echo-sounders.
>
> The ground we kept our ear to for so long
> Is flayed or calloused, and its entrails
> Tented by an impious augury.
> Our island is full of comfortless noises.'

Of course, this speech is not in the poet's own voice; and it is one of the most explicitly public and civic passages in this volume. But just the same, the passage exemplifies Heaney's "field" in these poems, some of them elegies for the victims of civil troubles.

In the affecting poem "Casualty," one such victim blunders into a pub that is blown up, on a night he decides to defy an IRA curfew—or rather, to ignore the curfew, because he is stubborn, and likes to drink. In a bar out of his own neighborhood, he is "blown to bits" by the side that is more or less "his": killed more or less by accident, through having needed to be himself, as naturally as a fish.

> He had gone miles away
> For he drank like a fish
> Nightly, naturally
> Swimming toward the lure
> Of warm lit-up places,
> The blurred mesh and murmur
> Drifting among glasses.
> In the gregarious smoke.

The sad comedy of this picture—the doomed man (who once took the poet fishing) as a fish, the pub as a net—embodies what is best about these poems: Heaney's sense of individual human character as not at all heroic, but somehow glorious, in its persistence.

Heaney's description of the casualty ("I loved his whole manner") perhaps strikes, glancingly, a small note of self-portraiture: "Sure-footed but too sly,/ His deadpan sidling tact,/His fisherman's quick eye/And turned observant back." The tact, the sure-footedness, and most of all the "turned observant back," all suggest the way *Field Work* hails its materials: an agile attention, too reserved for the front-squared gaze of the journalistic.

I have dwelled, somewhat misleadingly, on the role of Northern Ireland in Heaney's work, because national matters seem to provide the most immediately available examples of his accomplishments. Perhaps those matters have impelled him to his accomplishments. But it is a strength of the volume as a whole that not all of its poems are concerned with the stresses of Ireland (though the stresses for an Irish artist born in the North are never distant, in *Field Work*, for long).

There is, for instance, a genial, untamed sensuality in the poems, winningly countered by Heaney's shrewd comic sense. In a pretty, small poem ("The Guttural Muse"), the country accents of teenagers leaving a bucolic "discotheque" rise up to his hotel room: voices and accents "thick and comforting/As oily bubbles the feeding tench sent up." The slime of the tench, the poem mentions, is said to cure wounds on other fish—and then, there is a girl in

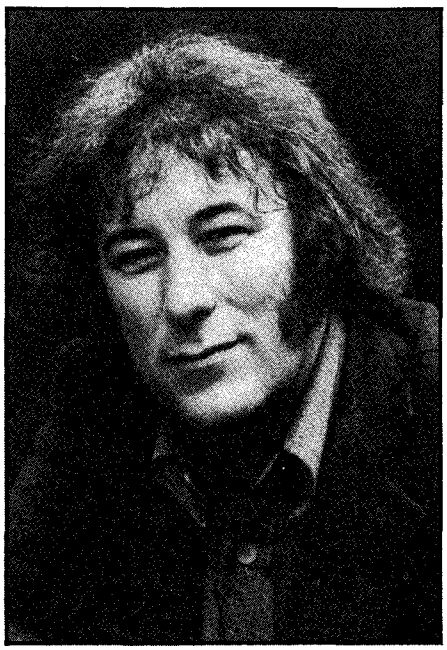

photo of Seamus Heaney ©Nancy Crampton

a white dress, "being courted out among the cars": "As her voice swarmed and puddled into laughs/I felt like some old pike all badged with sores/Wanting to swim in touch with soft-mouthed life." I enjoy the sense of Heaney's particular, complicated personality here, especially as it grins at itself: the homely, pragmatic grotesqueness of the metaphor; the way an erotic moment comes spinning into his imagination out of a glimpse of white dress and, most characteristically, out of a local form of speech.

Perhaps the center of *Field Work* is the sequence, "Glanmore Sonnets"; in one set of terms, these poems are about living in a rural cottage for a time. The poems are pastoral: "The mildest February for twenty years," says the first sonnet: "Now the good life could be to cross a field/And art a paradigm of earth new from the lathe/Of ploughs." But it is a disturbed, in fact a haunted pastoral, as the last lines of the same sonnet acknowledge: "Breasting the mist, in sower's aprons,/My ghosts come striding into their spring stations./The dream grain whirls like freakish Easter snows."

The "Glanmore Sonnets" play the dark, pre-Norman sounding diction of *North* ("Old ploughsocks gorge the subsoil of each sense") in a comic way against Latin and French roots, which in self-parody are made to seem mincing and affected. In one sonnet, the poet begins to muse upon a comparison of himself and his companion with William and Dorothy Wordsworth, in *their* country retreat—a comparison briskly dismissed by the woman. On the way to his literary-biographical venture, the poet writes two lines, using such Latinate and/or French diction, that are quite funny in context: about some sundown bird-songs, "It was all crepuscular and iambic"; and about some deer, "Like connoisseurs, inquisitive of air."

This bantering lyricism, like the idea of writing a sequence of actual sonnets, presents a particularly un-American side of Heaney. A prosodist and a humanist, he seems to incorporate a *literary* element into his work without embarrassment, apology, or ostentation. I think that such a sense of other writing—that is, of "literature"—as just one more resource may come less freely to many American poets of Heaney's age (around 40).

Having said that, I will admit that there are times when some of these poems do seem literary in a pejorative sense. One might use that word for an occasional stale, bardic note ("Everything in me/Wanted to . . ." etc.). And when the "boortree," another name for "elderberry," turns out to be a form of "bowertree," the poem made out of all that word-worrying seems held together too much by will and by learning—not helped by a self-apostrophe as "etymologist of roots and graftings." But these lapses don't matter much in a book of so much grace, generosity, wit, and seriousness.

Field Work ends with a translation, the Ugolino material from the *Inferno*. It's a marvelous job, in idiomatic, but forcefully compressed language, and lines of loose, rhymed pentameter. The story of unquenchable anger ends with Dante's execration on the city of Pisa. In the context of Seamus Heaney's last two books, the passage is also a kind of admonition, a minatory urging of forgiveness as well as a curse. It recalls the Sibyl's prediction of cannibalism

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("Dogs in a siege. Saurian relapses. Pismires,") "Unless forgiveness finds its nerve and voice":

> Pisa! Pisa, your sounds are like a hiss
> Sizzling in our country's grassy language.
> And since the neighbor states have been remiss
> In your extermination, let a huge
> Dyke of islands bar the Arno's mouth, let
> Capraia and Gorgona dam and deluge
> You and your population. For the sins
> Of Ugolino, who betrayed your forts,
> Should never have been visited on his sons.
>
> Your atrocity was Theban. They were young
> And innocent: Hugh and Brigata
> And the other two whose names are in my song.

Historical, and yet concluding with the particularity of individual names; as coolly detached as a "turned back," and yet as intense as their language—these translated lines, and the sure instinct to put them as concluding words, are another measure of Heaney's art.

Robert Pinsky

The Meaning of Hitler by Sebastian Haffner

(Macmillan; $7.95)

Sebastian Haffner's book already has received recognition in England as perhaps the best that has dealt with the phenomenon of Hitler and his impact on the 20th century. It is better than Trevor-Roper's best seller, *The Last Days of Hitler*, which treated the Nazi leaders as monkeys in a zoo—they were far abler, more malign and terrifying than he implied. And, of course, far truer than A.J.P. Taylor's wild book on the origins of World War II, with its outrageous thesis that Hitler was not much more to blame—well, not so very much more—than the British. Haffner makes clear that Hitler thought all along in terms of war; his real education was on the Western Front in 1914-18; all his talk of peace throughout the 1930s was a mere smokescreen to throw opponents off their guard—systematic deception.

What makes Haffner's book different is that it is not one more biography but an analysis—a most penetrating analysis—of what Hitler was up to in his astonishing career. The book has a practical purpose in view too. Haffner tells us that "memory of Hitler is being suppressed by the older Germans and that most of the younger generation no longer know the first thing about him." *Achtung*! There is danger in that.

Those of us who lived through it all, with his nightmare personality constantly threatening, can never forget him. I still have bad dreams of him; so does an historian friend of mine, the official editor of the British Foreign Office documents; so did at least one member of Churchill's government I knew. I once asked Churchill what he thought was Hitler's view of him. He said that Hitler thought of him as not representative of the British people, and that if he pushed hard enough Churchill would have been overthrown.

This leads to a psychological point Haffner does not consider. Hitler was an autodidact of genius, uneducated; if he had been educated, my God, what danger we should have been in! Or, just possibly, if he had been an educated man, he might not have embarked on his mad course. Anyway, he had an intuitive genius for understanding the Germans, handling them, maneuvering them any way he wanted—and they followed him to the last ghastly scene in the Bunker.

By the same token, he did not understand the British or the Americans, and this misled him sadly. He had an unfailing nose for the weakness, guilt, or criminality in other people; he exploited up to the hilt the superfluous sense of guilt the Allies felt about Versailles. He well understood the evil in men; it was merely the good that baffled him.

How on earth did he get there, and manage to do all the evil he wrought?

Haffner hardly brings out that he had the strength of the strongest people in Europe with him, behind him to the end. He thereby fails to point out the considerable continuity there was between Hitler's policy and the Kaiser's Germany. They both aimed at the domination of Eastern Europe: Germany attained it, briefly, with the Treaty of Brest-Litovsk in 1917.

Haffner does expose the extraordinary tenacity and stubborness with which Hitler hung on to his war objectives, even when things were going against him and it would have been advantageous to have been more flexible. But this was no less true of the Germans even when the war was being lost in 1914-18. Hitler's final determination to pull everything down on top of him in a lurid *Götterdämmerung* is just like the pre-1914 slogan: *Welt-Macht oder Niedergang*! (World Power or Go Under!)

The fact is—and Haffner's book substantiates it—that, flexible and opportunist as Hitler was in tactics, he was as *planmässig* as any German in strategy: he stuck tenaciously to plan. And the plan was all laid out clear for anybody to read in *Mein Kampf*—only they didn't take the trouble to read it. The British foreign secretary, Lord Halifax, with typical complacency, had never read it, until the (present) Queen Mother loaned him her copy. (The fact that it is all there—*Lebensraum* in Eastern Europe, subjugation of the Slavs, anti-Semitism as a policy and a weapon—makes A.J.P. Taylor's reading of events all the more ridiculous.)

Of course, Hitler was a genius at putting it across, as a propagandist, at mesmerizing people like the rabbits they were. The epigraph to *Mein Kampf* was omitted only in 1932 when he was close to power: "The German people have no idea of the extent to which they have to be gulled in order to be led." Nevertheless, I do not subscribe to Haffner's view that "it required a quite exceptional perception and far-sightedness to recognize in Hitler's achievements and successes the hidden seeds of future disaster." Surely it required only common sense to recognize that his headlong course would end in war, and that that was what he *meant*.

I must say for myself that, young as I was at the time, but knowing Germany, I understood that there was no limit to what such a man would do, with his limitless contempt for humanity. Goethe said, "There is no man so dangerous as the disillusioned idealist." Haffner thinks that, apart from politics, Hitler's life was strangely "empty," lacking the joys of family life, friendship, parenthood, etc. But it was precisely this concentration of energy that produced the abnormal power. He was not unlike Napoleon in that, who said, "Je suis un

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être tout à fait politique; je n'aime ni la femme ni le jeu"—"I am a completely political being; I like neither women nor sport"—and he too ended in thinking of humans as just cannon fodder.

But even I had no conception of the depths of evil, or the extent, Hitler would go to in the mass murder of whole peoples: Jews, gypsies, Slavs. The anti-Semitism was obsessional madness, but it was widespread in Germany and Austria; Hitler was infected with it in his youth in Vienna. The widow of the poet Edwin Muir, in her remarkable autobiography, comments on the wicked nonsense talked about the Jews in those interwar years in Austria and Bavaria. That was one terrible victory Hitler won at least—and how much to Germany's loss! Haffner points out one result of the loss of her scientists: Germany did not get the atomic bomb. Hitler would have had no hesitation about dropping it.

The appetite grows with what it feeds on, and Hitler's will to power grew with all the triumphs handed to him on a platter by the feebleness of his opponents. But the emphasis on will—as against common-sense empiricism—is deeply embedded in German philosophy, that mirror of the German soul, so penetratingly analyzed in Santayana's *Egotism and German Philosophy*, one of the symptomatic books of our time. Hitler displayed that abnormal concentration on will as against reason, the reliance on and appeal to the unconscious—hence his intuitive powers. "I move forward with the certainty of a somnambulist," he said—until he walked over the edge of the precipice, his whole people with him.

The value of Haffner's analysis consists not only in new information and insights, but in the questions he raises, the pros and cons of Hitler's enormous decisions, the opportunities he missed. After all, he came so very near to winning the game in Europe. In 1940, after the fall of France, if he had made a peace of conciliation, it would have isolated Britain and made it difficult for her to continue the war. Or if he had *not* attacked Russia? Or, even if he had conciliated Britain after Munich, he might have gotten Danzig for nothing and neutralized Poland. He was, in the end, after his appalling career of trickery, lies, and murder, cheated of victory by the British guarantee to Poland; the Foreign Office called it "catching the last bus." Henceforward he never could free himself from the entanglement of Britain.

But the results of it! The appalling impact on our time! Haffner is very penetrating in reckoning them up, including the result for Germany, deprived of a quarter of her territory and divided from top to bottom. Churchill always called the war "an unnecessary war": Hitler could have been stopped in his tracks, only he had such feeble opponents to deal with inside Germany as well as in Chamberlain and the appeasers. I have a heretical thought, put to me by a German Swiss: the last century has shown that Europe could not live with a united Germany. Perhaps the war, which may have been historically necessary to reduce her to size, was more winnable against a megalomaniac, an evil genius who made such colossal mistakes, than it would have been against the professionals of the German General Staff.

A.L. Rowse

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Malthus
by William Petersen

(Harvard University Press; $17.50)

Almost a century ago, James Bonar opened his biography of Malthus with the statement that he was the "best abused man of his age." It is a claim that is all too easily documented, Carlyle, Coleridge, Hazlitt, Dickens, Disraeli, Marx, and assorted other contemporaries agreeing on little save their hearty detestation of "Parson Malthus" and of his infamous doctrine—"a repulsive blasphemy," as Engels put it, "against man and nature."

The present biographer of Malthus, the eminent demographer and sociologist, William Petersen, describes some of the "minor quibbles and gross misunderstandings" to which Malthus was subject, correcting such blatant errors of fact as Marx's assertion that the author of the theory of population had taken the "monastic vow of celibacy," or the more common charge that the parson who denied to the poor the blessings of a family had himself sired an unconscionable number of children—11 girls, according to a recent writer. (In fact Malthus was a professor rather than a parson by vocation, and the father of only three children.) The bulk of Petersen's defense, however—and his book is avowedly that—lies in a careful analysis of Malthus's work, his theory of population especially but also his economic principles. He has succeeded so admirably in this task that one can hardly understand why contemporaries were so exercised, why they so willfully misinterpreted and vilified a doctrine that seems so clear, reasonable, and basically sound.

Petersen rightly points out, for example, that much of the misinformation came from a confusion between the first edition of the *Essay on Population*, published in 1798, and the revised edition of 1803. And he deplores the fact that critics have persisted in focusing their attention on that first edition—quite as if, he says, a scholar's work were to be judged by his master's thesis rather than the revised product of his mature years. The first edition had been intended, in part, as a refutation of Godwin, Condorcet, and others who predicted the inevitable progress of mankind toward a state of near-perfectibility. That sanguine prospect was belied, Malthus said, by the "law of population": the tendency of population to increase geometrically while the food supply increased only arithmetically. What kept the population in balance with subsistence was a series of checks: "positive checks" (starvation, disease, war, infanticide), which reduced the population after it came into existence, and "preventive checks" (delay of marriage, restraint of passion, and forms of sexual intercourse that did not result in procreation), which inhibited the increase of population before it occurred. The effect of both was "misery and vice," vice in cases of infanticide or promiscuity, misery in cases of starvation, disease, or other painful attempts to curb the sexual passion.

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This ineluctable combination of misery and vice made illusory not only the perfectibilist doctrine of Godwin and Condorcet but also the more modest idea of progress advanced by Adam Smith. An essential part of Smith's doctrine, Malthus pointed out, was the "connection" between the "wealth of nations" and the "happiness and comfort of the lower orders of society." But that connection was dubious, especially under the conditions posited by Smith. To the extent to which the wealth of nations depended on industrialism, as Smith had claimed, it had an adverse effect on the lower classes, since it encouraged the growth of population without a commensurate increase in the food supply.

The second edition of the *Essay* was less deterministic and, by the same token, less pessimistic. Three times the length of the first, it contained much new material—"empirical" studies, as we would now say, of various primitive and modern societies—as well as a significant revision of the thesis in the form of an additional check on population: "moral restraint." Unlike the restraint described in the first edition, moral restraint was a delay of marriage "not followed by irregular gratifications" and thus not attended by misery or vice. The inclusion of this new check made it possible to contemplate the possibility of some measure of improvement in the condition of the lower classes, some "mitigation of the evils" (as the revised title put it) which would otherwise result from the law of population.

Concentrating as he does on this revised edition, Petersen can justly claim that Malthus was not the reductivist, determinist, and catastrophist he is (and was at the time) made out to be. Where the first edition had man responding, in animal fashion, only to the two biological drives of food and sex, the revised edition, with the introduction of moral restraint, gave him an ethical and social dimension, making him a free, moral agent and thus the instrument of his own redemption. Petersen also points out that much of the contemporary criticism of Malthus derived not from the law of population itself, which in its revised form was entirely plausible, but from the social policies that he took to be the logical corollaries of that law—most notably his proposal to abolish the poor laws. Poor relief, Malthus argued, by enabling the poor to marry and have children even if they had no independent means of support, and doing so without increasing the supply of food did a disservice not only to those receiving relief but to the entire body of poor. Since the same amount of food had to be distributed among that increased population, the share of every individual was diminished—and most unjustly diminished in the case of those who worked long and hard for a living. Malthus's announcement that "dependent poverty ought to be held disgraceful" came as a shock to a generation accustomed to think, with William Pitt (who was, incidentally, a disciple of Adam Smith), that relief was a "matter of right and honour."

In spite of his views on relief, Malthus was unquestionably, as Petersen makes clear, a far more serious and complicated thinker than is often thought—nothing like the conventional image of the laissez-faireist. Like Smith (himself a not altogether conventional proponent of laissez-faire), he advocated a state-supported system of education for the lower classes; unlike Smith he favored the retention of the corn laws, largely because he regarded agriculture as more important than industry in mitigating the effects of the law of population; he recommended extending suffrage to give the people that "respectability and importance" that came from "equal laws and the possession of some influence in the framing of them"; and he supported legislation outlawing child labor in factories. If any labels will do for him, Petersen's "Liberal-Conservative" is probably as close as one can get to characterizing a thinker who in fact defied all labels. (That "liberal" and "conservative" are anachronistic is, paradoxically, helpful, for it serves to remind us how inadequate all such party tags are.)

Yet something is missing from this scholarly, thoughtful, and lucid study—some explanation of the extraordinary passion generated by Malthus's *Essay*. In trying to account for this passion one is driven back to that first edition. Petersen admits that Malthus never entirely resolved the differences between the editions, that there were "loose ends" in the theory in its revised form that stemmed from his original thesis. But it may be argued that there was something more seriously amiss than loose ends, that to the extent to which the revised theory allowed for the operation of "moral restraint," the theory itself ceased to be either compelling or novel, and that contemporaries (and therefore historians) were justified in reading into that revised version the hidden agenda, so to speak, of the first edition. Walter Bagehot put it well: "In its first form the *Essay on Population* was conclusive as an argument, only it was based on untrue facts; in its second form it was based on true facts, but it was inconclusive as an argument."

If this is so, one must take more seriously the fact that Malthus's quarrel was not only with such utopians as Godwin and Condorcet, but also, and more importantly, with Adam Smith. By 1798, when the first edition appeared, utopianism was no longer in vogue, so that it could not have been the refutation of that mode of thought that attracted attention. What was then in favor was the doctrine of Adam Smith, a doctrine which made the welfare of the lower classes a condition of the wealth of nations—of economic growth, as we would now say. Today it is fashionable to make much of the few passages in the *Wealth of Nations* suggesting that factory workers would suffer some intellectual and moral deterioration as a result of the mechanical nature of their work (which was why Smith was so insistent upon the need for education). But at the time Smith was read (and properly so, considering the main thrust of his work)

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as a meliorist and progressive. And it was precisely this aspect of his theory that Malthus disputed—explicitly and in both editions. The law of population, as Malthus understood it, told as effectively against Smith's theory of improvement as against Godwin's theory of perfectibility. (It is also significant that while Malthus wanted to abolish the poor laws, Smith wanted only to abolish the corn laws; his only objection to the poor laws was the law of settlement which tied the laborer to the parish of his birth.)

"If only Malthus," Keynes wrote, "instead of Ricardo, had been the parent stem from which nineteenth-century economics proceeded, what a much wiser and richer place the world would be today!" That statement was made about Malthus's *Principles of Political Economy*. But it was the *Essay on Population* that made Malthus not only the best abused but also the most influential thinker of his age. The idea of a "surplus population" condemned, by the immutable laws of nature, to misery and vice gripped the imagination of contemporaries, creating a climate of opinion receptive to Ricardo's "iron laws" and the "dismal science." One is tempted to paraphrase Keynes: "If only Smith, instead of Malthus, had been the parent stem from which 19th-century economics (and social thought) proceeded, what a much wiser and richer place the world would be today!"

Gertrude Himmelfarb

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The Day the Bubble Burst: A Social History of the Wall Street Crash of 1929 by Gordon Thomas and Max Morgan-Witts

(Doubleday; $14.95)

1929: Extraordinary Lives, Grand Schemes and Expectations during the Great Boom by Warren Sloat

(Macmillan; $14.95)

The Great Crash: 1929 by John Kenneth Galbraith

(Houghton Mifflin; $10.95)

October 1979 marked the confluence of two of the most notable anniversaries in the history of modern America, the 50th of the great Wall Street crash and the 100th of the invention of the electric light. There is a relationship of consequence between these two seemingly disparate events. Thomas A. Edison's feats in developing not only the light bulb but the accompanying power plants and delivery systems brought American homes, businesses, and factories into the electrical age. By 1929, at the time of the heralded 50th anniversary, the country was also on the threshhold of the electronic age. Radio was a reality in millions of homes, and experimenters that year successfully transmitted television across the continent.

The burgeoning technological civilization that the Edison celebration marked created glittering expectations. The future of technology and the economy seemed limitless. These expectations helped fuel the spectacular boom of the stock market in 1928 and 1929. Then came the inevitable crash. It was an indication that while America had advanced at breathtaking speed in technology, its political economy was still that of an earlier age, inadequate to counter the maladjustments of the modern industrial order.

Now, 50 years later, the excitement over the Edison commemoration and the technical advances it symbolized has long since been forgotten. The great crash remains a vivid memory only for senior citizens, but has made such an impression upon ensuing generations that it is one of the enduring traumas in our national heritage. The exhilaration and tragedy of the boom and the bust have taken on the aura of myth, with behind them the persistent question, "Could it happen again?"

None of the three books now appearing (or reappearing) on the phenomena of 1929 gives any searching forecast, nor is that the purpose. Rather, two are entertaining narrative social histories, and the third is a new edition of a classic analysis.

The Day the Bubble Burst by Gordon Thomas and Max Morgan-Witts is a large-scale study by two of the most successful producers of books about disasters. They have gathered some 14.5 million words of materials, spanning books, contemporary writings, manuscript collections, and numerous interviews, through the labors of a sizable staff plus the international facilities of *Readers' Digest*. In the familiar form of the disaster genre they cut back and forth among sketches of their numerous protagonists until at length they all come together in common calamity at the end of October 1929. The cast is so large that readers will have trouble keeping it straight, but the effect is powerful as they tell the stories of some small victims, but primarily of an elite preoccupied with ever intensifying speculation.

Most of those upon whom Thomas and Morgan-Witts focus were plungers who already had made large fortunes in the market and were restlessly, ceaselessly seeking still greater gains. Typical of this number was William Crapo Durant, who with his millions from General Motors (he was its founder), made still more money in a pool that drove up RCA stock and creamed off the profits at the expense of latecomers, mostly small speculators. Yet Durant firmly believed in the durability of the boom, and even paid an unexpected visit to President Hoover to try to prevent him from putting a damper on it.

By 1929 numbers of small investors had caught the Wall Street fever. Some of them even came in person to gawk and become rich. Among the well-to-do the market became an obsession. The fever spread to Europe and East Asia. When Edith Stone visited Paris and Berlin in the summer of 1929 she found

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the stock market took priority over all other topics of conversation. Wall Street had become like a giant whirlpool, drawing speculative capital from all over the world.

The excitement came to some degree out of a feeling of assurance that this was not a wild, foolhardy speculation like the South Sea Bubble or even the Florida land boom of 1925-26. Rather, eminent public figures argued, the market reflected the enormous economic advances of the technical age. Wealthy and successful men like Durant, Bernard Baruch, and John J. Raskob gave frequent reassurances. Professor Iving Fisher of Yale, who might better be remembered for his contributions to economic theory, stated in the fall of 1929, "Stock prices have reached what looks like a permanently high plateau." He was countering the persistent warnings of Roger Babson, whom one newspaper dubbed "the Prophet of Loss." But views like Babson's were in the minority and little heeded.

The fortuitous combination of a media more effective than ever before together with skilled practitioners of the new arts of advertising and public relations was bringing the confident message of the new era to the American people. There was much to crow about, for despite serious soft spots in the economy, especially among farmers, the nation was enjoying a higher level of prosperity than ever before. If only there were no interference with the captains of industry, the bankers, and the engineers, the persistent theme ran, they would bring an ever rising living standard. Raw materials and energy supplies seemed limitless. (It is worth noting that, high as their expectations were, few could have dreamed of levels comparable to those of the consumer society of the 1960s and 1970s.)

This media-public relations view is a major theme of Warren Sloat's *1929*. It too is an interweaving of vignettes, but rather better written and easier to follow than *The Day the Bubble Burst*. It covers some of the same people and events, but sweeps far afield to the turn of the century and to topics as remote as the dancer Nijinsky. The organizing episode is the Edison Commemoration that Henry Ford held at his Greenfield Village in October 1929. Edison reenacted his experiment while a nationwide radio audience listened and a group of famous spectators, including President Herbert Hoover, watched.

The spectacle was the masterwork of Edward Bernays. Men like Bernays and Rockefeller's adviser, Ivy Lee, became effective molders of opinion. Public relations experts had nothing to do with promoting the stock market, but on behalf of their clients they created a golden image of business enterprise, one that the unexpected events of October 1929 punctured for a generation. What followed was the great Depression, creating privation for millions who never had been caught up in the speculative craze.

Those in search of the meaning of this catastrophe should turn to the new edition of John Kenneth Galbraith's *The Great Crash*. He says that he has never enjoyed writing a book as much as this one; the reader has only to thumb through it to share his joy. Galbraith's nimble wit transforms political economy from what Carlyle labeled the dismal science into discourse so full of wry humor that one is in danger of overlooking his admonitions. Galbraith's mockery is a genteel way of expressing outrage.

Authors of both of the social histories acknowledge their debt to Galbraith. Much of what he has to say is scattered through *The Day the Bubble Burst*, but has lost much of its pungency except for a passage concerning the astounding activities of Charles E. Mitchell of the National City Bank, whose machinations were uncovered and who was forced to resign early in the New Deal. Galbraith writes: "In his inaugural address on March 4, Roosevelt had promised to drive the money-changers from the temple. Mitchell was widely regarded as the first."

And Thomas and Witts-Morgan: "President Roosevelt in his inauguration address had promised to drive the money changers out of the temple. Mitchell was one of the first to be driven."

The Great Crash is a relatively brief lesson on speculation, using the 1928-29 boom as an example. Galbraith's point is the incontrovertible one that at some point a boom inevitably collapses. It is a view so unpopular that he himself has long been regarded as a "prophet of loss" (if not worse) by those who equate rising stock prices with 100 percent Americanism. Twenty-five years ago, when his book first came out, he testified on the perils of a boom before a Senate committee and the stock market promptly dropped three billion dollars in paper values. Senator Homer Capehart thereupon tried, quite ineffectively, through use of a clumsily edited quotation, to make Galbraith out to be a Red. Through the Freedom of Information Act, Galbraith has lately found out that J. Edgar Hoover aided Capehart.

Galbraith's prose is so quotable that it is well to let him speak for himself. Concerning the issuing of optimistic predictions: "By affirming solemnly that prosperity will continue, it is believed, one can help insure that prosperity will in fact continue. Especially among businessmen the faith in the efficacy of such incantation is very great."

To have stopped the boom would have been unpopular, and indeed could only have resulted in calamity, even though the longer the boom persisted the worse would be the drop. "No one wanted to be the person to prick the bubble." Further, there was no easy way to moderate the market, such as raising interest rates. At one point, interest on loans for margin buying of stock was up to 20 percent; it persisted at eight or 10 percent, phenomenal rates at that time, yet the market went on upward.

Margin sales of stock and the proliferation of investment trusts and holding companies had a double effect. Their leverage enormously augmented profits for holders when stock values went up. Conversely, when they dropped, the result was reverse leverage and devastating losses. These factors contributed to the speed and intensity of the crash.

That was the basic perilous situation in the summer of 1929. There were wild speculation and spectacular rises in stock prices up to the beginning of September.

In the painful aftermath bankers and brokers were castigated, but Galbraith points out mitigating factors worth remembering. Although market operators engaged in numerous practices since forbidden by law, such as rigging pools to drive stocks up, and some participants were outright dishonest, basically the brokerage houses were run properly. Most of them survived. Most New York bankers too were men of rectitude and public

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spirited enough when stocks plunged downward to put up a billion dollars in loans to aid distressed investors. They received scant credit for their actions.

With the debacle, Galbraith points out, there evaporated, at least for many years, the notion that brokers should be free to regulate themselves unrestrained by governmental interference. The SEC ended or modified some practices. As for banks, Federal Deposit Insurance has made runs and closings largely a thing of the past.

This small book does not contain startling predictions for the 1980s but still has some relevance at a time when there seems no limit to the rising prices of gold. It is a fascinating story told with uncommon verve and sense, a moral tale for our times and for some time to come.

Frank Freidel

Frank Freidel is at work on a biography of Franklin D. Roosevelt.

TRB: Views and Perspectives on the Presidency by Richard L. Strout

(Macmillan; $14.95)

This book is variously rewarding. It is at once a lively chronicle of the modern American presidency, a primer to the structural flaws of our political system, a guide to the vicissitudes of liberal ideas and legislation since the New Deal, and an eloquent expression of the liberal spirit itself during those years. Although it is a collection of columns, it does not meander; it is organized chronologically around the presidencies since the war and thematically around a set of concerns *TNR* readers will recognize from their weekly dose of TRB—concerns that, in this expanded form, are given a satisfyingly full exposition. Beyond all this, *Views and Perspectives on the Presidency* is a work of style, wit, and moral penetration, which abounds in arresting anecdotes and which features superb cameo portraits of political personages from FDR to Robert Kennedy.

There is one other and far odder part of the book. This part, which amounts to a kind of subtext, involves the evocation of four historic occasions as witnessed by a reporter waiting for the news outside the White House. The occasions are December 7, 1941, the death of FDR, the funeral of John Kennedy, and the resignation of Richard Nixon. In the course of this book the reader encounters these scenes again and again; like fragments of an unciphered dream, they seem to haunt the author's memory. Built up over 500 pages, with the earlier memories overlapping the later, these White House scenes achieve the sort of highly elaborated quality literary critics call symbolic. Their cumulative effect is extraordinary. Through these symbolic moments, TRB seems to be offering us an imaginative vision not merely of the events themselves but of the whole of our recent history.

Of course TRB would not make such a grandiose claim for his columns; his downright persona would not permit it. Instead, with predictable modesty, he writes:

> We never wrote one that could not have been better. A lot of our predictions [that Dewey would beat Truman, that Nixon would end the war in Vietnam soon after his election] look silly. We can't believe we ever influenced anybody very much, if at all, though it is nice to remember that JFK read us regularly. Personally, we deplore this stacatto literary style which is an outgrowth of an effort, we suppose, to cram too many ideas into 800 words, like the coats bulging in a closet at a cocktail party.

TRB's readers must disagree, especially with the adverse judgment on his style. To see the clear merit of that style, we have only to compare the turgidities produced by most columnists, not to mention book reviewers, with TRB's lean leads. From a feast, here is a teasing sample.

> McNamara testifying. Theoretically on foreign aid; actually, Vietnam. Strong man. Whiz kid. Power drive! Facts, facts, facts. They pour out. Likable. Rimless glasses. Bulldog face. Apolitical. What luck to have him in the Defense Department. How awful to have him in the White House!

Sometimes an element of self-parody enters in, as in this portrait of Senator Byrd.

> See Senator Byrd. He's a strong man. He plays the fiddle. He guides the Senate. Once he was just a kleagle. Then he became a senator. Then he beat Teddy Kennedy. Now he lectures the vice president. Now he tells President Carter to fire Lance. President Carter fires Lance. What will Senator Byrd do next? Nobody knows. But watch him.

More often the drive for compression results in wonderfully distilling verbs and phrases. We read, for example, about missiles capable of "crisping" cities thousands of miles away; Senator Jenner is a man who has been "angry from the nipple on"; that 23 percent of the people who supported Nixon to the last comprise "the Caligula quotient." And so on.

I make a point of TRB's style because it is by means of this instrument of delight that he lulls his readers into listening to his favorite sermon: I mean, of course, the one on the deadlock of democracy created by the separation of executive and legislative power, and the necessity of replacing this creaking system with the *deus ex machina* of parliamentary democracy. Now to my mind, proposed alterations of this sort are among the most purely speculative labors in which an intelligence can lose itself, and when TRB starts down this path, I usually wince. It isn't that I think he's wrong; over the years he's convinced me that the defects of our present system are real, and far outweigh its virtues. But I do think he is utopian, for it seems to me exceedingly unlikely that we will ever change our system, this side of revolution, and it is hard to imagine a revolution that would have that parliamentary system as one of the

TNR does not usually review books by members of its staff, but the editors think that an exception should be made for Richard Strout, who (in addition to being a staff correspondent for the *Christian Science Monitor* since 1921) has been TRB in this journal since 1943. His latest book, in our view, already has our endorsement, since virtually all of the material in it originally appeared in *TNR*.

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pressing items on its agenda. Now, after reading TRB in bulk, I still do think that on this issue he is utopian, but his case, in this expanded form, is concededly more powerful than ever. For just consider: five presidents in his lifetime have had their legislative programs blocked by Congresses of the opposite party or ideological tendency. From this perennial logjam flows much of the voter apathy and cynicism that makes our system a democracy in memory only.

The first president TRB saw destroyed in this way was Woodrow Wilson, and after reading these collected columns, I am convinced that Wilson offers the key to TRB's political thought. For TRB, as he tells us, was one of Mr. Wilson's "gawky boys" who fought in France for the Fourteen Points (Strout volunteered), but who were betrayed by a Senate of the opposite party when it voted down the cardinal point of the 14—that which would have committed the US to the League of Nations. Under a parliamentary system, where Wilson would have had a governing majority, this could not have happened.

With this betrayal as background, I think we can see why, like Woodrow Wilson, who wrote a book with that title, TRB decries "Congressional Government"; why for him Pearl Harbor was not the day World War II began, but the day isolationism ended; why, in the first column reproduced here (March 8, 1943), he writes:

> What the country craves is a moral tonic. Announcement of specific, idealistic, post-war aims—would help Mr. Roosevelt in the Congress; it would help the men in the factories; it might give the boys in the trenches a lot of help, too. Laugh if you want. But when a man dies, he wants to die for something important.

And here in that last phrase I think we can catch the drama of Strout's career. For clearly, he must have known numbers of gawky boys who died in France, killed for nothing, their sacrifices robbed of meaning by a perfidious Senate operating the malign constitutional machinery with which the founding fathers have burdened their posterity. I had thought that the parliamentary system was a crotchet of Strout's; now I see that it is a passion that grows out of the tragic experience of his generation. Once one sees this, TRB's lonely, quixotic crusade becomes moving; parliamentary democracy—of all things!—suddenly carries a charge of emotion.

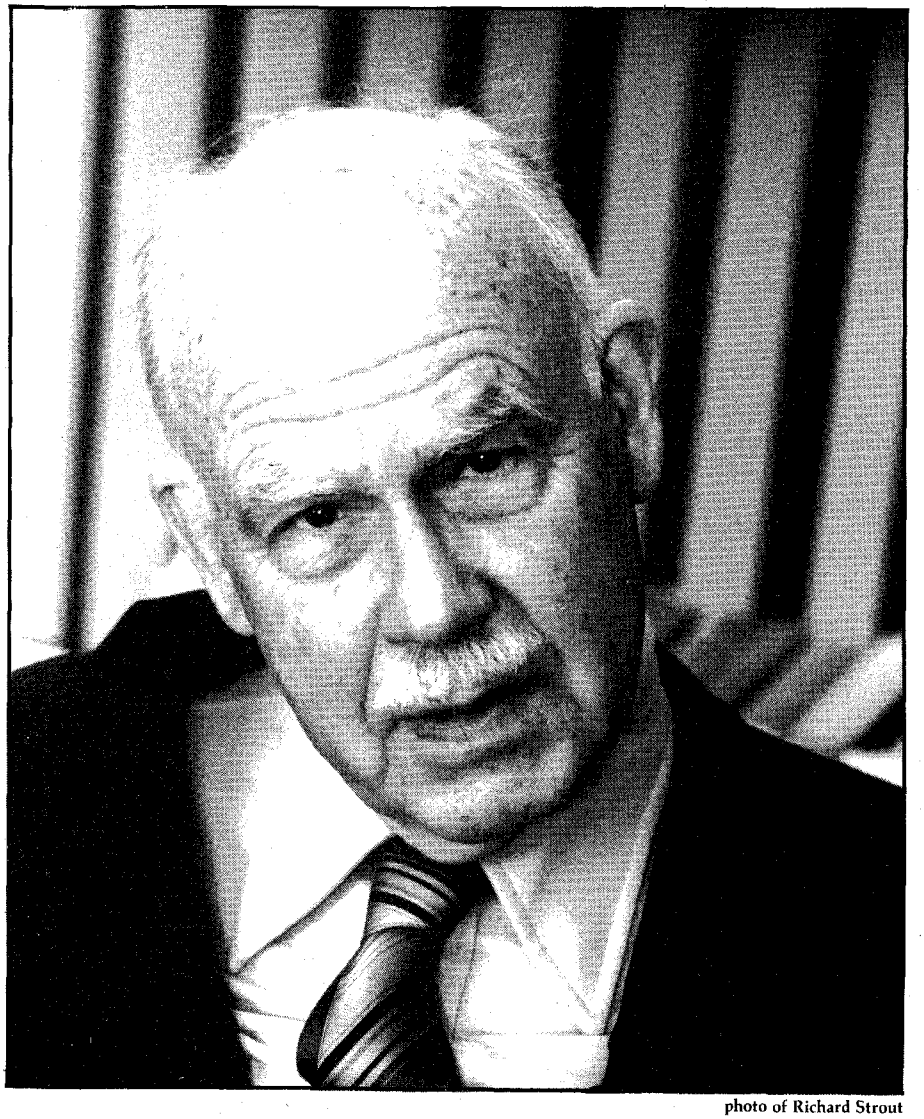

photo of Richard Strout

I don't know if TRB's other ideas have the same provenance as his commitment to parliamentary democracy, but they certainly wear the same high gloss of Wilsonian idealism. For the record, then, TRB believes, with Ronald Steel, "that America's worth to the world will be measured not by the solutions she seeks to impose on others, but by the degree to which she achieves her ideals at home." He thinks that poverty and race remain the main issues before the country, even in this "Age of Scarcity," and that the Department of Defense should defend us with less money (he is a marvel at the kind of moral arithmetic that can divide missiles into schools and turn tanks into warm lunches). TRB believes that planning "is not a dirty word," that gun control is long overdue, that the tax system is what candidate Carter called it, a disgrace, but that we should be willing to pay more taxes to make our society more just. TRB is a liberal who dates from a time when these ideas were not considered ludicrous or romantic or clichéd, as they are by many today, but as necessary and humane responses to the brutal challenges of the 20th century. These were the ideas, the causes, you believed in if you wanted to build what Barrington Moore has called "the decent society"—a society from which the injustices due to the workings of social institutions have been eliminated.

To me, TRB's ideas seem attractive and right. But what impresses me even more, what makes me think that these ideas are not without influence on the moral life, is TRB's way of holding them. For while he believes strongly in his ideas, and argues for them with cogency and verve, he does not scorn those who disagree with him, nor does he try to reduce their ideas to unsavory motives—whether political, financial, or psychological—in order to discredit them. In other words, he accepts honest differences. With superb intellectual grace, he presents a model of tolerance.

What else can we say of him? That he is moral without being moralistic; a reformer without being a prig. He says that anger is a reporter's elixir, but his own anger is often in precarious balance with his sympathy, which extends to

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such unlikely people as Sherman Adams ("who can see pride humbled without a tear or watch mistakes being exposed without himself being in the dock"), LBJ, even Richard Nixon. Instinctively, he's for the underdog; with Simone Weil, he suspects that justice is always a fugitive from the camp of victory. As a writer, he is never vicious, arrogant, or mocking, and is satiric only briefly, between the waves of more complex feeling.

In a charming column he tells us that his parents—"they were Protestants; they were homogenous; they were farmers"—lived well into their 90s. His readers must hope that TRB, now a formidable 81, will follow their example and continue to deepen and delight them for another 20 years.

Jack Beatty

Correspondence, *from page 3*

programs, Kennedy may believe it is better to leave the money in the consumer's pocket (thereby giving no windfall to the oil companies) and to pay for government energy programs with a tax less regressive than one falling on consumers.

Steve Charnovitz
Cambridge, Massachusetts

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Washington Diarist

Too Important For Politics

The predicament of our fellow citizens trapped in Iran is too important for politics. That goes without saying, and all the leading politicians have lost no opportunity to say so. Senator Kennedy's harsh words about the shah provided such an opportunity. In the mad rush for the microphones that followed Kennedy's gaffe, many did a poor job of stifling their glee before expressing their alleged dismay that Kennedy should have spoken so out of turn. Politics, we may assume, was the furthest thing from George Bush's mind when he said Kennedy's comment "raises serious questions as to his judgment." And likewise John Connally must have been extremely displeased when he said he was "sure the Ayatollah Khomeini is pleased to hear Senator Kennedy's remarks." Jimmy Carter these days, of course, is not a politician; he is the president, and campaigns only out of tragic necessity. He has maintained a fine presidential silence on the matter of Kennedy's remarks, leaving it to others to express the administration's mock regret that Kennedy should have been so indiscreet. Like Nixon in 1972, Carter has decided to portray himself as an austere, dignified statesman, who refuses to be distracted from affairs of state by the small dog yapping at his heels. This is his privilege, I suppose. But it really does take gall for the Carter people to suggest that it is Senator Kennedy who is attempting to take political advantage of the crisis in Iran.

Speaking of gall, though, what *do* we do about the shah? The Iranians want him sent back; we don't want to send him back. One compromise solution might be to send only part of him back. Here is the shah, separated from his country; and here is his gall bladder, separated from the shah. What could be more fitting than to reunite his gall bladder, at least, with its native land? The Ayatollah Cockamamy could put it on trial and then chop off its bile ducts in payment for the shah's sins. A similarly Solomonic solution is proposed by Judy Mann, columnist for the *Washington Post*, in a recent effort entitled "The Shah Could Do a Far, Far Better Thing." Dickens lovers will grasp the point immediately: the shah should, like Sydney Carton, redeem his sinful life by placing it at the disposal of revolutionary justice, in order that others might go free. The Mann plan is brilliantly conceived to achieve a level of American moral abjection that less creative minds might not have thought possible. By sending the shah back to certain death, we can cave in to international blackmail; but by insisting that it's "voluntary" on his part, we can avoid any suggestion that we share in the disapproval of his late regime.

An unremarked irony of the whole business is that the shah should have come here for cancer treatment when everyone knows the best cancer treatment—laetrile—is in Mexico where he came from. Diana and Gerald Green fled to Tijuana with their son Chad, who was suffering from leukemia, to avoid continuing his chemotherapy as ordered by a Massachusetts court. The laetrile was working wonders, the Greens claim, until Chad died—of homesickness. *Inquiry* magazine, usually the best of the right-wing rags, is just loopy about laetrile. As *Inquiry* describes it, there is little to chose between chemotherapy and Iranian justice. "Chad's body was wracked with pain." Meanwhile the state's minions "compelled Chad's parents to helplessly watch their child suffer and ordered them to present him regularly for what the Greens had come to regard as useless torture." Obviously the cruelest revenge on the shah would be further medical care.

The Washington Post is shamelessly hyping its latest Bob-Woodward-and exposé, this one written with Scott Armstrong about the Supreme Court. Daily excerpts on the front page, of course, and also in *Newsweek* (owner: K. Graham Enterprises). Also sidebars on how the great story was put together, and the alleged shock reaction to it. The *Star* has felt competitively required to run daily advance summaries. Columnists and cartoonists, sensing an easy topic, have chimed in with ritual praise and condemnation of this latest breach of institutional privacy. Like magic, an enormous fuss has materialized before our eyes. The Woodstein technique has indeed reaped its usual harvest of leaked documents, anonymous quotations, and secret information. But the result (judging from the *Post* excerpts) is a strangely ceremonial exercise in investigative journalism. There are three problems, I think. First, the effort produced no scandal: no lies, no cover-up, not even much good gossip. Things are more or less the way you'd expect them to be. It's not thrilling to learn that nine men working close together for years have occasional tiffs, as hard as the authors and their promoters try to present such anecdotes as astonishing revelations. Second, the material is old, dealing with half-forgotten controversies of as long as a decade ago, making the breathless tone seem a little silly. Third, knowing who-did-what-when tells you less that's important about the Court than about other parts of the government. Supreme Court justices exercise their power on discrete public occasions. When they announce a decision, their reasoning is there in print for all to see and evaluate. We don't need to take some anonymous law clerk's word for it that a justice is getting senile or doesn't do enough research; to the extent that these failings affect his job, they will be evident from the man's published opinions. The inside poop, such as it is, just doesn't matter very much. Of course the Supreme Court has an absurdly inflated sense of the importance of secrecy. So it deserves Bob Woodward, with his absurdly inflated sense of the importance of nosiness.

Washington's newest celebrity is Richard Lent, the tax lawyer who forced an eight a.m. Eastern shuttle flight for New York to land in Baltimore because the airline couldn't provide him a non-smoking seat. Turns out he was a law school classmate of mine. Under CAB rules, the airlines must expand the non-smoking section to meet the demand. Lent, arriving late, was put in a smoking-section seat; then, after take-off, the people around him were told they couldn't light up. They did so anyway, Lent threatened to sue, there was a ruckus, and the pilot brought the plane down at tremendous cost to Eastern and inconvenience to the other passengers. I thought, when reading the story, "This guy's a prize jerk," and I should have made the logical deduction that he must have been at law school with me. But I learned only later how my life had been touched by greatness during those seemingly dreary years. A trip on the Eastern shuttle is one of the least pleasant ways known to spend $51 in a hurry. The long lines, the herding, the bus terminal ambience, the lack of all normal air travel amenities, are hard enough to take at that hour in the morning. People shouldn't have to put up with noxious emanations from the neighboring seats as well. How about a "no lawyers" section on every flight?

M.E.K.

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Paris Diarist

Paris has been the second home and surrogate mother of revolutionaries and exiles at least since the beginning of this century. Lenin and Trotsky nurtured their vision of history's vanguard here. Ho Chi Minh, while a cook in one of the better hotels here, fashioned out of nationalism and Marxism, those ordinarily antithetical passions of the West, a peculiarly Oriental armed doctrine that later humiliated his former hosts at Dien Bien Phu. Paris also was the command post of the Ayatollah Khomeini during the last stages of his long war from abroad against the shah. Here also lesser troublemakers, dissidents, incendiaries, and assassins, sipping drinks in bistros and cafés and strutting on the "Boul Mich," plotted insurrections for far-away places. This hospitality is one reason why France often is exempt from the hatred for the metropolitan powers of the old system that is widespread in the third world. The French help earn this exemption by carefully distinguishing their own interests from those of others. In recent weeks France has managed to separate itself, despite carefully diplomatic reproaches, from the near-universal condemnation of the holding of US hostages in Tehran. "Cynicism," a journalist for a Paris newspaper told me last week, "is the Quai d'Orsay's highest principle. You have not encountered moral hauteur if you have not heard the French in praise of cynicism." Insiders here say that French interests are now under the special protection of Sadegh Ghotbzadeh, another veteran of a sordid exile in Paris. Khomeini's ambitious enforcer is well known among those left-bank intellectuals given to left-wing enthusiasms. He had rallied them against the shah, and in a show of fraternity he had rallied with them for the Kurds, those permanently oppressed people of the Middle East. "The Kurds have no friends," most Kurds will tell you. Ghotbzadeh proves their point. When it was the old regime of the Pahlavis that denied them their national identity, he was on their side. Now he puts their dreams to the torch.

Rainer Maria Rilke used to visit what he called "the most lyrical cemetery in Paris," the Cimitière de Picpus, in which are buried the last victims of the guillotine in the terror of 1794. Among these was the poet André Chénier, the subject of a beautiful opera by Giordano. It used to be in the standard repertory; find some old record of Jussi Bjoerling if you now want to feel the power of the Chenier tragedy. Legend tells of a conscience-burdened rebel who visited this cemetery regularly to be cautioned against the excessive zeal and fear of enemies to which revolutionaries are prone. No one has ever said that Khomeini ever came here, or Ghotbzadeh either. Their zeal knows no bounds. Their place in exile in Paris has been taken not just by those associated with the shah, but by representative Kurds, Belouchis, Azerbaijanis, and other obstacles to the imposition of Khomeini's tyranny over all Iran. They get a hearing here, where the voice of the émigré has come to be trusted. No one who has genuinely tried to hear of the resistance of their peoples, and of the millions of secular men and women as well, to the Shi'ite *gleichschaltung* would refer, as a recent Washington Diarist (*TNR*, December 8) so cavalierly did, to "most Iranians" or to the great popularity of Khomeini. The popularity of tyrants, in any case, vindicates nothing more than the effort to dislodge them.

The red rose owes its identification with love to myth. Sir James Frazer tells us in *The Golden Bough* that "Aphrodite, hastening to her wounded lover [Adonis], trod on a bush of white roses; the cruel thorns tore her tender flesh, and her sacred blood dyed the white roses for ever red." The red rose has political connotations, too. On several occasions in my misspent youth I was a voyeur at festivals of *L'Humanité* and *L'Unita*, those summer galas of the French and Italian Communist parties. Red roses are dispensed there, rather in the manner of the flower offerings by those religious sectarians who accost you at airports. But as with the *Internationale* and the red flag, the socialists also claim it as their own. Socialist leader François Mitterand has written a book called *La rose au poing*, or "the rose in the fist"—and there are socialist posters around Paris showing a red rose firmly held in a hardened fist. But a rose should not be treated so. It should be held lightly with two fingers around its stem. The life of a rose, like life itself, is fragile. All good socialists know this, but in order to show that their ardor for revolutionary change is not less than that of the Communists, they too must show their fists clenched.

This city full of exile movements is an ideal place to observe the Palestinians. The multiple plumage of the PLO is arrayed here: fundamentalist Moslem, Marxist, Ba'athist, and various hues and shadings in between, including those Palestinians who seem to pay their first loyalties to Libya or Syria or Iraq. You don't hear much talk about Palestinian moderation in Paris these days. For a city that takes to political clichés so easily, that's a surprise. It can only be explained by the overwhelming power of extremist reality. There was one Palestinian moderate in town. His name is Issam Sartawi, and his job was to offer the PLO's most conciliatory face to Europe. Well, what he says wouldn't exactly reassure an anxious mother of children on a border kibbutz; but then he didn't promise "death to the Jews" either. Dr. Kreisky has been on the lookout for types like Sartawi; having found one, he gave Sartawi a prize last October in Vienna and asked him to share it with my friend, the very dovish Israeli politician Arie Eliav. Sartawi accepted the honor, despite instructions from the PLO to turn it down. Now he's been expelled from the Palestinian National Council and summoned back to Beirut for trial. Will he ever see Paris again?

Pierre Cardin, the *haute couturier*, has quite a few establishments around Paris. There's at least one on the rue de Rivoli, adjacent to the uninteresting first class hotels; one in the eighth arrondissement, near the interesting first class hotels; an exhibition *salle* on the Avenue Gabriel across from the American Embassy; plus a few shops, each catering to distinct clienteles, on the Faubourg St. Honoré, the city's "old chic" shopping street. M. Cardin also has been considering opening a boutique in Riyadh. A Parisian model I know went with him to Saudi Arabia not long ago to explore the prospects. They showed his clothes (and jewelry and scents) to the women in the harems, who giggled, and to the princes and sheikhs, who ogled and drank vodka (which, it's important to remember in a country that forbids alcohol, doesn't smell). The Cardin retinue was driven to one presentation in limousines covered in leather *on the outside*. One prince left a showing in a royal huff after finally realizing that the model he'd chosen, as distinct from the clothes, was not for sale. Perhaps he can get her phone number and call her when, as is almost bound to be the case, he comes to Paris and stays, in exile.

M.P.

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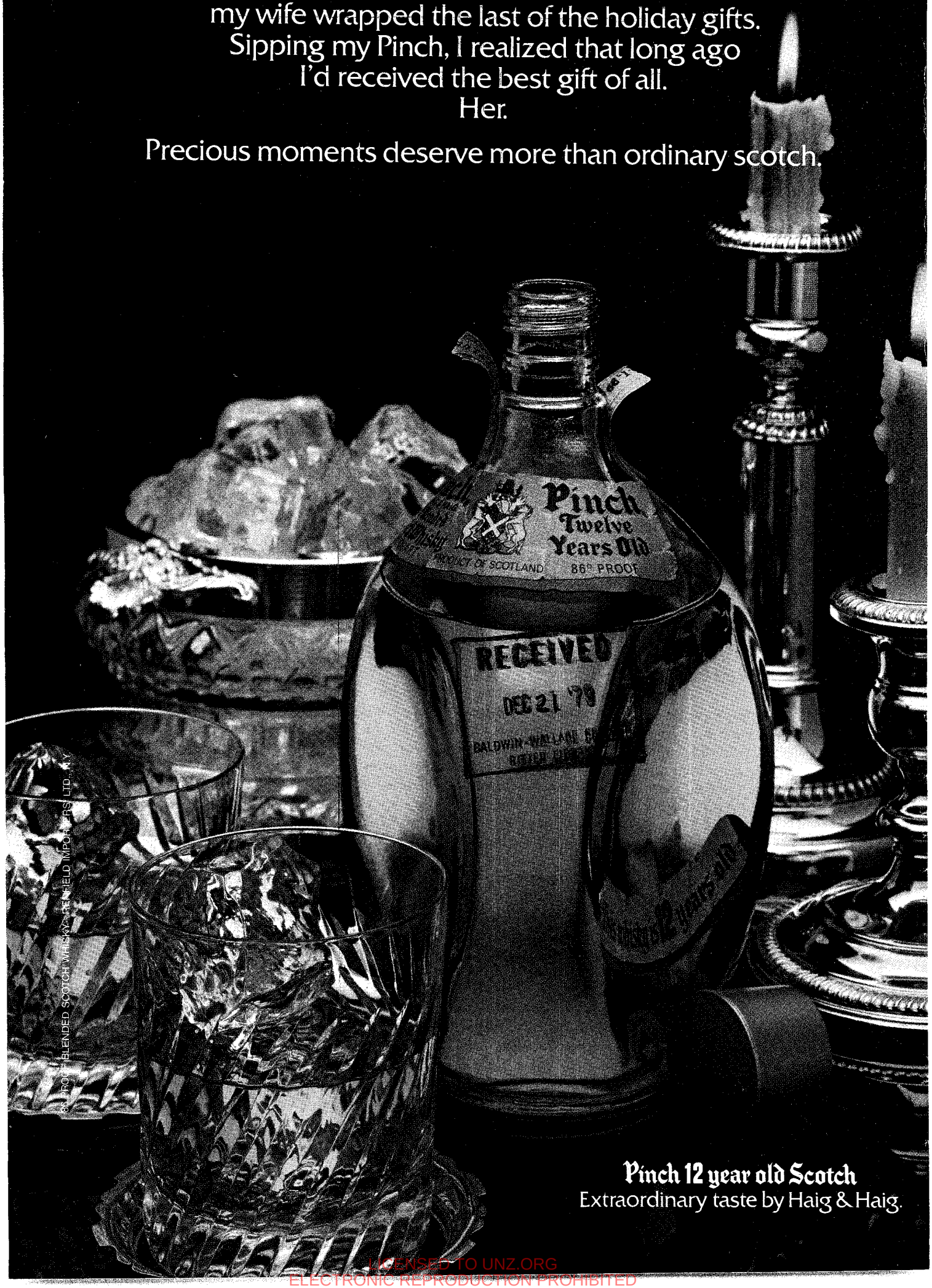
The fire roared as
my wife wrapped the last of the holiday gifts.
Sipping my Pinch, I realized that long ago
I'd received the best gift of all.
Her.

Precious moments deserve more than ordinary scotch.



Pinch 12 year old Scotch
Extraordinary taste by Haig & Haig.

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